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CALEB IN THE COUNTRY.

A

STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

BOSTON:

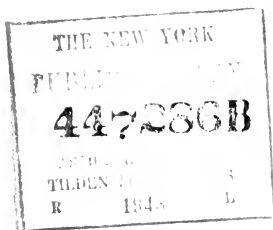
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MRS

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE object of this little work, and of others of its family, which may perhaps follow, is, like that of the "Rollo Books," to furnish useful and instructive reading to young children. The aim is not so directly to communicate knowledge, as it is to develop the moral and intellectual powers,—to cultivate habits of discrimination and correct reasoning, and to establish sound principles of moral conduct. The Rollo books embrace principally intellectual and moral discipline: Caleb, and the others of its family, will include also *religious* training, according to the evangelical views of

Christian truth which the author has been accustomed to entertain, and which he has inculcated in his more serious writings.

J. A.

ROXBURY, *Jan.* 1839.

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C A L E B .

CHAPTER I.

CALEB'S DISCOVERY.

CALEB was a bright-looking, blue-eyed boy, with auburn hair and happy countenance. And yet he was rather pale and slender. He had been sick. His father and mother lived in Boston, but now he was spending the summer in the Sandy River country, with his grandmother. His father thought that if he could run about a few months in the open air, and play among the rocks and under the trees, he would grow more strong and healthy, and that his cheeks would not look so pale.

His grandmother made him a blue jacket with bright buttons. *She* liked metal buttons, because they would wear longer than covered ones, but *he* liked them because they

were more beautiful. "Besides," said he, "I can see my face in them, grandmother."

Little Caleb then went to the window, so as to see his face plainer. He stood with his back to the window, and held the button so that the light from the window could shine directly upon it.

"Why, grandmother," said Caleb, "I cannot see now so well as I could before."

"That is because your face is turned away from the light," said she.

"And the button is turned *towards* the light," said Caleb.

"But when you want to see anything reflected in a glass, you must have the light shine upon the thing you want to see reflected, not upon the glass itself; and I suppose it is so with a bright button."

Then Caleb turned around, so as to have his *face* towards the light; and he found that he could then see it reflected very distinctly. His grandmother went on with her work, and Caleb sat for some time in silence.

The house that Caleb lived in was in a narrow, rocky valley. A stream of water ran

over a sandy bed, in front of the house, and a ragged mountain towered behind it. Across the stream, too, there was a high, rocky hill, which was in full view from the parlor windows. This hill was covered with wild evergreens, which clung to their sides, and to the interstices of the rocks; and mosses, green and brown, in long festoons, hung from their limbs. Here and there crags and precipices peeped out from among the foliage, and a gray old cliff towered above, at the summit.

Caleb turned his button round again towards the window, and of course turned his face *from* the window. The reflection of his face was now dim, as before; but in a moment his eye caught the reflection of the crags and trees across the little valley.

"O, grandmother," said he again, "I can see the rocks in my buttons, and the trees. And there is an old stump," he continued, his voice falling to a low tone, as if he was talking to himself, "— and there is a tree, — and, — why — why, what is that? it is a bear. Grandmamma," — calling aloud to her, — "I see a bear upon the mountain."

"Nonsense, Caleb," said his grandmother.

"I do, certainly," said Caleb; and he dropped the corner of his jacket, which had the button attached to it, and looked out of the window directly at the mountain.

Presently Caleb turned away from the window, and ran to the door. There was a little green yard in front of the house, with a large, smooth, flat stone for a door-step. Caleb stood on this step, and looked intently at the mountain. In a moment he ran back to his grandmother, and said,

"Grandmother, *do* come and see this black bear."

"Why, child," said she, smiling, "it is nothing but some old black stump or log."

"But it moves, grandmother. It certainly moves."

So his grandmother smiled and said,

"Well, I suppose I must come and see." So she laid down her work, and took off her spectacles, and Caleb took hold of her hand, and trotted along before her to the step of the door. It was a beautiful, sunny morning in June.

"There," said Caleb, triumphantly pointing to a spot among the rocks and bushes,

half way up the mountain, — “there, what do you call that?”

His grandmother looked intently a moment in silence, and then said,

“I do see something there under the bushes.”

“And isn't it moving?” said Caleb.

“Why, yes,” said she.

“And isn't it black?”

“Yes,” said she.

“Then it is a bear,” said Caleb, half delighted, half afraid. “Isn't it, grandmother? I'll go and get the gun.”

There was an old gun behind the high desk, in the back sitting-room; but it had not been loaded for twenty years, and had no lock upon it. Still Caleb always supposed that some how or other it would shoot.

“Shall I, grandmother?” said he, eagerly.

“No,” said she, “I don't think it is a bear.”

“What then?” said Caleb.

“I think it is Cherry.”

“Cherry!” said Caleb.

“Yes, Cherry,” said she. “Run and see if you can find the boys.”

Cherry was the cow. She had strayed from the pasture the day before, and they could not find her. She was called Cherry from her color ; for, although she had looked almost black, as Caleb had seen her in the shade of the bushes, she was really of a cherry color. Caleb saw at once, as soon as his grandmother said that it was Cherry, that she was correct. In fact, he could see her head and horns, as she was holding her head up to eat the leaves from the bushes. However, he did not stop to talk about it, but, obeying his grandmother immediately, he ran off after the boys.

He went out to the back door, where the boys had been at play, and shouted out, *Da-vid!* DA-VID! DWI-IGHT! DA-VID!" But there was no reply, except a distant echo of "*David*" and "*Dwight*," from the rocks and mountains.

So Caleb came back, and said that he could not find the boys, and that he supposed that they had gone to school.

"Then we must call Raymond," said she.

"And may I ring for him, grandmother?" said Caleb.

Grandmother said he might ; and so Caleb ran off to the porch at the back door, and took down quite a large bell, which was hanging there. Caleb stood upon the steps of the porch, and grasping the great handle of the bell with both hands, he rang it with all his might. In a minute or two he stopped ; and then he heard a faint and distant "Ay-ay," coming from a field. Caleb put the bell back into its place, and then went again to his grandmother.

In a few minutes Raymond came in. He was a thick-set and rather tall young man, broad-shouldered and strong, — slow in his motions, and of a very sober countenance. Caleb heard his heavy step in the entry, though he came slowly and carefully, as if he tried to walk without making a noise.

"Did you want me, Madam Rachel?" said he, holding his hat in his hand.

Caleb's grandmother was generally called Madam Rachel.

"Yes," said she. "Cherry has got up on the rocks. Caleb spied her there ; he will show you where, and I should like to have you go and drive her down."

Caleb wanted to go too ; but his grandmother said it would not do very well, for he could not keep up with Raymond ; and, besides, she said that she wanted him. So Caleb went out with Raymond under the great elm before the house, and pointed out the place among the rocks, where he had seen Cherry. She was not there then ; at least she was not in sight ; but Raymond knew that she could not have gone far from the place ; so he walked down over the bridge, and soon disappeared.

While Caleb stood watching Raymond, as he walked off with long strides towards the mountain, his grandmother came to the door, and said,

“Come, Caleb.”

Caleb turned and ran to his grandmother. She had in her hand a little red morocco book ; and, taking Caleb's hand, she went slowly up stairs, he frisking and capering around her all the way. The stairs were in the front entry, which was quite small, and there were two turns in them before reaching the top. From the top they went into a pleasant chamber. The ceiling overhead

was low, and the panes of glass small, and the wood-work was not painted. A window was open, and the pleasant sun was just looking in between the white curtains. There was a bed in the room, with a white covering, and by the window an easy-chair, with a high back, and round, well-stuffed arms. Madam Rachel went to the easy-chair, and sat down, and took Caleb in her lap. Caleb looked out upon the long, drooping branches of the elm which hung near the window.

Caleb's countenance was pale ; and he was slender in form and delicate in appearance. He had been sick, and even now, he was not quite well. His little taper fingers rested upon the window-sill, while his grandmother opened her little Bible and began to read. Caleb sat still in her lap, with a serious and attentive expression of countenance.

“ ‘ Two men went up into the temple to pray ; the one a Pharisee, the other a publican.’ ”

“ What is a Pharisee, and a publican ? ” asked Caleb.

“ You will hear presently. ‘ And the Pharisee stood and prayed thus with him-

self: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers.' ”

“ What are all those, grandmother ? ” asked Caleb.

“ O, different kinds of crimes and sins. The Pharisee thanked God that he had not committed any of them.”

“ Was he a good man, grandmother ? ”

“ Very likely he had not committed any of these great crimes.”

“ Very well, grandmother ; go on.”

“ ‘ Or even as this publican.’ A publican, you must know, was a tax-gatherer. He used to collect the taxes from the people. They did not like to pay their taxes, and so they did not like the tax-gatherers, and despised them. And thus the Pharisee thanked God that he was not like that publican. ‘ I fast twice in the week. I pay tithes of all that I possess.’ ”

“ Tithes ? ” said Caleb.

“ Yes ; that was money which God had commanded them to pay. They were to pay in proportion to the property they had. But some dishonest men used to conceal some

of their property, so as not to have to pay so much; but this Pharisee said *he* paid tithes of all that he possessed."

"That was right, grandmother," said Caleb.

"Yes," said his grandmother, "that was very well."

"If he really did it," continued Caleb, doubtfully. "Do you think he did, grandmother?"

"I think it very probable. I presume he was a pretty good man, *outside*."

"What do you mean by that, grandmother?"

"Why, his heart might have been bad, but he was probably pretty careful about all his *actions*, which could be seen of men. But we will go on.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.'"

"Which man?" said Caleb.

"The publican."

“The publican was justified?” said Caleb; “what does *justified* mean?”

“Forgiven and approved. God was pleased with the publican, because he confessed his sins, honestly; but he was displeased with the Pharisee, because he came boasting of his good deeds.”

Here there was a pause. Caleb sat still and seemed thoughtful. His grandmother did not interrupt him, but waited to hear what he would say.

“Yes; but, grandmother, if the Pharisee really was a good man, wasn’t it right for him to thank God for it?”

“It reminds me of Thomas’s acorns,” said Madam Rachel.

“Thomas’s acorns!” said Caleb; “tell me about them, grandmother.”

“Why, Thomas and his brother George were sent to school. They stopped to play by the way, until it was so late that they did not dare to go in. Then they staid playing about the fields till it was time to go home. They felt pretty bad, and out of humor, and at last they separated and went home different ways.

“In going home, Thomas found an oak-tree with acorns under it. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘I will carry mother home some acorns.’ He had observed that his mother was pleased whenever he brought her things; and he had an idea of soothing his own feelings of guilt, and securing his mother’s favor, by the good deed of carrying her home some acorns. So, when he came into the house, he took off his hat carefully, with the acorns in it, and holding it in both hands, marched up to his mother with a smiling face, and look of great self-satisfaction, and said, ‘Here, mother, I have got you some acorns.’”

“And what did his mother say?” asked Caleb.

“She shook her head sorrowfully, and told him to go and put the acorns away. She knew where he had been.

“Then presently George came in. He put away his cap, walked in softly, and put his face down in his mother’s lap, and said, with tears and sobs, ‘Mother, I have been doing something very wrong.’ Now, which of these do you think came to his mother right?”

“ Why, — George,” said he, “ certainly.”

“ Yes, and that was the way the publican came ; but the Pharisee covered up all his sins, being pleased and satisfied himself, and thinking that God would be pleased and satisfied with his *acorns*.”

Here Madam Rachel paused, and Caleb sat still, thinking of what he had heard.

Madam Rachel then closed her eyes, and, in a low, gentle voice, she spoke a few words of prayer ; and then she told Caleb that he must always remember, in all his prayers, to confess his sins fully and freely, and never cover them up and conceal them, with an idea that his good deeds made him worthy. Then she put Caleb down, and he ran down stairs to play.

He asked his grandmother to let him go over the bridge so as to be ready to meet Raymond, when he should come back with the cow. She at first advised him not to go, for she was afraid, she said, that he might get lost, or fall into the brook ; but Caleb was very desirous to go, and finally she consented. He had a little whip that David had made for him. The handle was made from

the branch of a beech-tree, which David cut first to make a cane of, for himself; but he broke his cane, and so he gave Caleb the rest of the stick for a whip-handle. The lash was made of leather. It was cut out of a round piece of thick leather, round and round, as they make leather shoe-strings, and then rolled upon a board. This is a fine way to make lashes and reins for boys.

Caleb took his whip for company, and sauntered along over the bridge. When he had crossed the bridge, he walked along the bank of the stream, watching the grasshoppers and butterflies, and now and then cutting off the head of a weed with the lash of his whip.

The banks of the brook were in some places high, and the water deep; in other places there was a sort of beach, sloping down to the water's edge; and here the water was generally shallow, to a considerable distance from the shore. Caleb was allowed to come down to the water at these shallow places; but he had often been told that he must not go near the steep places, because there was danger that he would fall in.

Now, boys are not very naturally inclined to obey their parents. They have to be taught with great pains and care. They must be punished for disobedience, in some way or other, a good many times. Some children, it is true, have no other punishment than reproofs ; but these reproofs give them pain, and so are a species of punishment, by means of which they are gradually trained to obedience. But neglected children, that is, those that are left to themselves, are almost always very disobedient and unsubmitive. Caleb, now, was not a neglected child. He had been taught to submit and obey, when he was very young, and his grandmother could trust him now.

Besides, Caleb had still less disposition now to disobey his grandmother than usual, for he had been sick, and was still pale and feeble ; and this state of health often makes children quiet, and gentle, and submissive. When children are uncomfortable or in pain from sickness, it sometimes makes them fretful and troublesome ; but if the disease is such a one as only brings languor and feebleness, their natural stubbornness and self-

will is subdued by it, and they become quiet, and gentle, and yielding.

So Caleb walked slowly along, carefully avoiding all the high banks, but sometimes going down to the water, where the shore was sloping and safe. At length, at one of these little landing places he stopped longer than usual. He called it the cotton landing. David and Dwight gave it that name, because they always found, wedged in, in a corner between a log and the shore, a pile of cotton, as they called it. It was, in reality, light, white froth, which always lay there; and even if they pushed it all away with a stick, they would find a new supply the next day. Caleb stood upon the shore, and, with the lash of his whip, cut into the pile of "cotton." The pile broke up into large masses, and floated slowly and lightly away into the stream. One small tuft of it floated towards the shore, and Caleb reached it with his whip-handle, and took a part of it in, saying, "Now I will see what it is made of."

On closely examining it, he found, to his surprise, that it was composed of an infinite

number of very small bubbles, piled one upon another, like the little stones in a heap of gravel. It was white and beautiful, and in some of the biggest bubbles, Caleb could see all the colors of the rainbow. He wondered where this foam could come from, and he determined to carry some of it home to his grandmother. So he stripped off a flat piece of birch bark from a neighboring tree, and took up a little of the froth upon it, and placed it very carefully upon a rock on the bank, where it would remain safely, he thought, till he was ready to go home.

Just above where he stood was a little waterfall in the brook. The current was stopped by some stones and logs, and the water tumbled over the obstruction, forming quite a little cataract, which sparkled in the sun.

Caleb threw sticks and pieces of bark into the water, above the fall, and watched them as they sailed on, faster and faster, and then pitched down the descent. Then he would go and *whip* them in, to his landing, and thus he could take them out, and sail them down again. After amusing himself some

time in this manner, he began to wonder why Raymond did not come, and he concluded to take his foam, and go along. He went to the rock, and took up his birch bark ; but, to his surprise, the foam had disappeared. He was wondering what could have become of it, when he heard, across the road, and a little distance above him, a scrambling in the bushes, on the side of the mountain. At first, he was afraid ; but in a moment more he caught a glimpse of the cow coming out of the bushes, and supposing that Raymond was behind, he threw down his birch bark, and began to gallop off to meet him, lashing the ground with his whip.

At the same time, the cow, somewhat worried by being driven pretty fast down the rocks, came running out into the road, and when she saw Caleb coming towards her, and with such antics, began to cut capers too. She came on, in a kind of half-frolicsome, half-angry canter, shaking her horns ; and Caleb, before he got very near her, began to be somewhat frightened. At first, he stopped, looking at her with alarm. Then he began to fall back to the side of the road,

towards the brook. At this instant Raymond appeared, coming out of the bushes, and, seeing Caleb, called out to him to stand still.

“Stand still, Caleb, till she goes by ; she will not hurt you.”

But Caleb could not control his fears. His little heart beat quick, and his pale cheeks grew paler. He could not control his fears, though he knew very well that what Raymond said must be true. He kept retreating backwards, nearer and nearer to the brook, as the cow came on, whipping into the air, towards her, to keep her off. He was now at some little distance above the cotton landing, and opposite to a part of the bank where the water was deep. Raymond perceived his danger, and as he was now on the very brink, he shouted out suddenly,

“Caleb ! Caleb ! take care !”

But the sudden call only frightened poor Caleb still more ; and before the “Take care” was uttered, his foot slipped, and he slid back into the water, and sank into it until he entirely disappeared.

Raymond rushed to the place, and in an instant was in the water by his side, and

pulling Caleb out, he carried him gasping to the shore. He wiped his face with his handkerchief, and tried to cheer and encourage him.

“Never mind, Caleb,” said he; “it won’t hurt you. It is a warm, sunny morning.”

Caleb cried a few minutes, but, finally, became pretty nearly calm, and Raymond led him along towards home, sobbing, as he went, “O dear me! — what *will* my grandmother say?”

CHAPTER II.

TROUBLE.

As Caleb walked along by the side of Raymond, and came upon the bridge, he was seen both by his grandmother, who happened to be standing at the door, and also, at the same instant, by the two boys, Dwight and David, who were just then coming home from school. Dwight, seeing Caleb walking along so sadly, his clothes and hair thoroughly drenched, set up a shout, and ran towards him over the bridge. David was of a more quiet and sober turn, and he followed more slowly, but with a face full of surprise and curiosity.

Madam Rachel, too, perceived that her little grandson had been in the brook, and she said, "Can it be possible that he has disobeyed?" Then, again, the next thought was, "Well, if he has, he has been punished for it pretty severely, and so I will treat him kindly."

David and Dwight came eagerly up, with exclamations and questions without number. This made poor Caleb feel worse and worse ; — he wanted to get home as soon as possible, and he could not tell the boys all the story there ; and presently Raymond, finding that he could not get by them very well, took him up in his arms, and carried him towards the house, David and Dwight following behind. Caleb expected that his grandmother would think him very much to blame, and so, as soon as he came near enough to speak to her, he raised his head from Raymond's shoulder, and began to say,

“ I am very sorry, grandmother ; but I could not help it. I certainly could not help it.”

But he saw at once, by his grandmother's pleasant-looking face, that she was not going to find any fault with him.

“ You have not hurt yourself, Caleb, I hope,” said she, as Raymond put him down.

“ No,” said he ; “ but I feel rather cold.”

His grandmother said she would soon warm him, and she led him into a little bedroom, where he was accustomed to sleep, and undressed him, talking good-humoredly

with him all the while, so as to relieve his fears, and make him feel more happy. She wiped him dry with soft flannel, and gave him some clean, dry clothes, and made him very comfortable again. She did not ask him how he happened to fall in the water, for she knew it would trouble him to talk about it. So she amused him by talking about other things, and at last led him out again into the parlor.

The wetting did Caleb no injury ; but the fright and the suddenness of the plunge gave him a shock, which, in his feeble state of health, he was ill able to bear. A good stout boy, with red cheeks and plump limbs, would not have regarded it at all, but would have been off to play again just as soon as his clothes were changed. But poor Caleb sat down in his little rocking-chair by the side of his grandmother, and began to rock back and forth, as if he was rocking away the memory of his troubles ; while his grandmother went on with her work.

Presently, he stopped to listen to the voices of Dwight and David, who were out before the house.

“Grandmother,” said he, “is that the boys?”

“Yes,” said she, “I believe it is.”

Then Caleb went on rocking, and the voices died away.

Presently, they came nearer again. The boys seemed to be passing down in front of the house, with a wheelbarrow, towards the water.

“Grandmother,” said Caleb, stopping again, “what do you suppose the boys are doing?”

“I don’t know,” said she; “should not you like to go and see? You can play with them half an hour before dinner, if you please.”

Caleb did not answer, but began to rock again. He did not seem inclined to go.

Soon after he heard a *splash*, as of stones thrown into the water. Caleb started up, and said,

“Grandmother, what *can* they be doing?”

“I don’t know,” said she. “If you want to know very much, you must go and see.”

Caleb rose slowly, put his rocking-chair back into its place, and went to the door. He looked down towards the bank of the

brook before the house, and saw Dwight and David there. They had a wheelbarrow close to the edge of the water, with a few stones in it, some as big as Caleb's head. Each of the boys had a stone in his hand, which he was just throwing into the brook. Caleb had a great desire to go down and see what they were doing; but he felt weak and tired, and so, after looking on a moment, he said to himself, "I had rather sit down here." So he sat down upon the step of the door, and looked on.

After the boys had thrown one or two large stones into the water, they took out one of the sides of the wheelbarrow, and, then, tipping it up, the whole load slid down into the water, close to the shore. The boys then came back, wheeling the great wheelbarrow up into the road.

They went after another load of stones, and Caleb's curiosity was so far awakened, that he rose slowly, and walked down towards the place. In a few minutes, the boys came back with their load; David wheeling, and Dwight walking along by his side, and

pushing as well as he could, to help. As soon as he saw Caleb, he began to call out,

“O Caleb, you were afraid of a cow!”

Caleb looked sad and unhappy. David said,

“I would not laugh at him, Dwight. Caleb, we are building a mole.”

“A mole!” said Caleb. “What is that?”

“Why, it is a kind of a wharf, built out far into the water, to make a harbor for our shipping. We learned about it in our geography.”

“Yes,” said Dwight, coming up, eagerly, to Caleb; “you see the current carries all our vessels down stream, you know, Caleb, and we are going to build out a long mole, out into the middle of the brook, and that will stop our vessels; and then we are going to make it pretty wide, so that we can walk out upon it, and the end of it will do for a wharf.”

“Yes, it will be a sort of harbor for ’em,” said David.

Caleb looked quite pleased at this plan, and wanted the boys to let him help; and

Dwight said he might go and help them get their next load of stones.

But Caleb did not really help much, although he tried to help. He kept getting into the other boys' way. Then he would look around for a stone, and by the time that he had found it, they would be moving the wheelbarrow farther on, and then he would want them to wait until he could put his stone in. At last, Dwight got out of patience, and said,

"Caleb, you don't help us the least mite. I wish you would go away."

But Caleb wanted to help; and Dwight tried to make him go away. Presently, he began to laugh at him for being afraid of a cow.

"I suppose I could frighten you by *mooing* at you, Caleb."

Caleb did not answer, but walked along by the side of the wheelbarrow. David was wheeling it; for they had now got it loaded, and were going back to the shore of the brook, Caleb on one side, and Dwight upon the other. Dwight saw that Caleb hung his head, and looked confused.

"*Moo ! moo !*" said Dwight.

Caleb walked along silent, as before.

"*Moo ! moo !*" said Dwight, running round to Caleb's side of the wheelbarrow, and *moo-ing* close into his ear.

Caleb let go of the wheelbarrow, turned around, burst into tears, and walked slowly and sorrowfully away towards the house.

"There, now," said David, "you have made him cry. What do you want to trouble him so for?"

Dwight looked after Caleb, and seeing that he was going to the house, he was afraid that he would tell his grandmother. So he ran after him, and began to call to him to stop ; but, before he had gone many steps, he saw his grandmother standing at the door of the house, and calling to them all to come.

Caleb had nearly stopped crying when he came up to his grandmother. She did not say any thing to him about the cause of his troubles ; but she asked him if he was willing to go down cellar with Mary Anna, and help her choose a plateful of apples for dinner. His eye brightened up at this proposal, and Mary Anna, who was sitting at the win-

dow, reading, rose, laid down her book, took hold of his hand with a smile, and led him away.

Madam Rachel then went to her seat in her great arm-chair, and David and Dwight came and stood by her side.

“I am sorry, Dwight, that you wanted to trouble Caleb.”

“But, mother,” said Dwight, “I only *moo-ed* at him a little.”

“And what did you do it for?”

“O, only for fun, mother.”

“Did you suppose it gave him pain?”

“Why, — I don’t know.”

“Did you suppose it gave him pleasure?”

“Why, no,” said Dwight, looking down.

“And did not you know that it gave him pain? Now, tell me, honestly.”

“Why, yes, mother, I knew it plagued him a little; but then I only did it for fun.”

“I know it,” said Madam Rachel; “and that is the very thing that makes me so sorry for it.”

“Why, mother?” said Dwight, in a tone of surprise.

“Because, if you had given Caleb four

times as much pain for any other reason, I should not have thought half so much of it, as to have you trouble him for *fun*. If it had been to do him any good, or to do any body else any good, or from mistake, or mere thoughtlessness, I should not have thought so much of it ; but to do it for *fun* ! ” —

Here Madam Rachel stopped, as if she did not know what to say.

“ I rather think, mother, it was only *thoughtlessness*,” said David, by way of excusing Dwight.

“ No ; because he knew that it gave Caleb pain, and it was, in fact, for the very purpose of giving him pain, that Dwight did it. If he had been saying ‘ *moo* ’ accidentally, without thinking of troubling Caleb, that would have been thoughtlessness ; but it was not so. He knew very well it gave him pain ; and, in fact, it was for the very purpose of giving him pain. And what makes me most unhappy about this,” continued Madam Rachel, putting her hand gently on Dwight’s head, “ is that my dear Dwight has a heart capable, under some circumstances, of taking

pleasure in the sufferings of a helpless little child."

Here Madam Rachel paused again, and David and Dwight were both silent.

"Sometimes," continued their mother, "a boy injures another in getting some good to himself, not thinking any thing about the pain the other suffers. For instance, when some boys come in with great sleds, on a coast where a good many little boys are sliding, and with noise, and shouts, and sliding swiftly on their great sleds, drive the others away, or, at least, prevent their sliding; here, they do not *wish* to trouble the little boys; they do not care any thing about them. They trouble them, it is true; but it is not for the sake of troubling them."

"Yes, mother," said David.

"Now, this is simply selfishness. It is very wrong. But now suppose these great boys, seeing the little ones sliding, should say, 'Come, let us go and plague those little boys;' and should go and try to slide so as to run over them, and drive them away, just to amuse themselves with their distress, what should you call that?"

The boys did not reply.

“It would be malice,” said their mother, “which is worse than mere selfishness.”

David and Dwight were both silent, though they saw clearly that what their mother said was true.

“And yet, perhaps, you think it is a very little thing, after all,” she continued, “just *moo-ing* at Caleb a little. The pain it gave him was soon over. Just sending him down cellar to get some apples, made him forget it in a moment; so that you see it is not the mischief that is done, in this case, but the *spirit of mind* in you, that it shows. It is a little thing, I know; but then it is a little symptom of a very bad disease. It is very hard to cure.”

“Well, mother,” said Dwight, looking up, and speaking very positively, “I *am determined* not to trouble Caleb any more.”

“Yes, but I am afraid your *determinations* won’t reach the difficulty. As long as the spirit of mind remains, so that you are *capable* of taking pleasure in the sufferings of another, your determinations not to *indulge* the bad spirit, will not do much good. You will

forget them all, when the temptation comes. Don't you remember how often I have talked with you about this, and how often you have promised not to do it, before ? ”

“ Why, yes, mother,” said Dwight, despondingly.

“ So, you see determinations will not do much good. As long as your heart is malicious, the malice will come out, in spite of all your determinations.”

Just at this moment, Caleb came in, bringing his plate of apples, with an air of great importance and satisfaction. He had nearly forgotten his troubles. Soon after this, dinner was brought in, and Madam Rachel said no more to the boys about malice. After dinner, they went out again to play.

CHAPTER III.

BUILDING THE MOLE.

CALEB sat down upon the step of the door, eating a piece of bread, while Dwight and David returned to their work of building the mole. They got the wheelbarrow, and loaded it with stones.

Caleb sat a few minutes more at the door, and then he went into the house, and got his little rocking chair, and brought it out under the elm, and sat down there, looking towards the boys, who were at work near the water. At last, David spied him sitting there, and said,

“There is Caleb, sitting under the great tree.”

Dwight looked around, and then, throwing down the stone that he had in his hands, he said,

“I mean to go and get him to come here.”

So he ran towards him, and said,

“Come, Caleb, come down here, and help us make our mole.”

“No,” said Caleb, shaking his head, and turning away a little ; “no, I don’t want to go.”

“O, do come, Caleb,” said Dwight ; “I won’t trouble you any more.”

“No,” said Caleb ; “I am tired, and I had rather stay here in my little chair.”

“But I will carry your chair down to the brook ; and there is a beautiful place there to sit and see us tumble in the stones.”

So Caleb got up, and Dwight took his chair, and they walked together down to the shore of the brook. Dwight found a little spot so smooth and level, that the rocking-chair would stand very even upon it, though it would not rock very well, for the ground was not hard, like a floor. Caleb rested his elbow upon the arm of his chair, and his pale cheek in his little slender hand, and watched the stones, as, one after another, they fell into the brook.

The first two or three loads the boys had tipped over into the water ; for they wanted them close to the shore, and, of course, they

could drop them down into the right place ; but after the first loads, the stones already in the water extended it out so far, that they had to take the stones up, one by one, and toss them over. The brook, at this place, was very wide and shallow, and the current was not very rapid, so that they got along pretty fast; and thus the mole advanced steadily out into the stream.

“ Well, Caleb,” said Dwight, as he stopped, after they had tossed out all the stones from the wheelbarrow, “ and how do you like our mole ? ”

“ O, not very well,” said Caleb.

“ Why not ? ” said Dwight, surprised.

“ It is so stony.”

“ Stony ? ” said Dwight.

“ Yes,” said Caleb. “ I don’t think *I* could walk on it very well.”

“ O,” said Dwight, “ we are going to make the top very smooth, when we get it done.”

“ How ? ” said Caleb.

“ Why, we are going to haul gravel on it, and smooth it all down.”

“ Why can’t we do it now ? ” said David,

“as we go along; and then we can wheel our wheelbarrow out upon it, and tip our stones in at the end.”

“Agreed,” said Dwight; and they accordingly levelled the stones off on the top, and put small stones in at all the interstices, that is, the little spaces between the large stones, so as to prevent the gravel from running down through. Then they went and got a load of gravel out of a bank pretty near, and spread it down over the top, and it made a good, smooth road; only it was not trodden down hard at first, and so it was not very easy wheeling over it.

They found one difficulty, however, and that was, that the gravel rolled over each side of the mole, and went into the water. To prevent this, they arranged the largest stones each side, in a row, for the edge, and then filled in with gravel up to the edge; and thus they gradually advanced towards the middle of the stream, finishing the mole completely as they went on. Caleb then said he liked it very much, and wanted to walk on it. So the boys let him. He went out to the end, and stood there a minute,

and then said that he wished he had his whip there, to whip in a stick which was sailing down a little way off.

“Where is your whip?” said David.

“I suppose it is hanging up on its nail,” said Caleb. “I mean to go and get it.”

So Caleb walked off of the mole, and went slowly up towards the house, singing by the way, while David and Dwight went after another load of gravel. While they were putting down this load, and spreading it on, Caleb came back, looking disappointed and sorrowful, and saying that he could not find his whip.

“Where did you put it when you had it last?” asked David.

“I put it on the nail,” said Caleb. “I always put it on the nail.”

“O, no, Caleb,” said Dwight; “you must have left it about somewhere.”

“No,” said Caleb, shaking his head with a positive air, “I am *sure* I put it on my nail.”

“When did you have it last?”

“Why, — let me see,” said Caleb, thinking. “I had it yesterday, playing horses on the wood-pile, — and then I had it this

morning, — I believe, — when I went up the brook to meet Raymond.”

“Then you left it up there,” said Dwight, “I know.”

“No,” said Caleb, “I am sure I put it on my nail.”

“You did not have it, Caleb,” said David, mildly, “when we met you on the bridge.”

“Didn’t I?” said Caleb, standing still, and trying to think.

“No,” replied Dwight, decidedly.

“I wish you would go up there with me, and help me find it.”

“Why, we want to finish our mole,” said David.

“I’ll go,” said Dwight, “while you, David, get another load of gravel. Come, Caleb,” said he, “go and show me where it was.”

So Dwight and Caleb walked on. They went down to the bridge, crossed the stream upon it, then turned up, on the opposite bank, and walked on until they came to the cotton landing. Caleb then pointed to the place where he had fallen in; and they looked all about there, upon the bank and

in the water, but in vain. No whip was to be found.

After searching till they were tired, Dwight said he thought the whip must have fallen into the water, and floated off down the stream. Caleb thought so too ; but he was very sorry to lose his whip.

Before they returned, they stopped a moment at the cotton landing, and Caleb showed Dwight that the cotton was all made of little bubbles. They got some of it to the shore, and examined it, and then, just as they were going away, Dwight exclaimed, suddenly,

“ There is your whip, now, Caleb.”

Caleb looked round, and saw that Dwight was pointing towards the little fall, or rather great ripple, of water, and there, just in the fall, was the whip-handle floating, and kept from drifting away by the lash, which had got caught in the rocks. There the handle lay, or rather hung, bobbing up and down, and struggling, as if it was trying to get free.

After various attempts to liberate it, by throwing sticks and stones at it, Dwight took off his shoes, turned up his pantaloons to his knees, and waded in to the place, and, after

carefully extricating the whip, brought it safely to the shore.

“ I am very glad I have got my whip again,” said Caleb, while Dwight was putting on his shoes.

“ I am glad, too,” said Dwight. “ But you told a lie about it, Caleb.”

“ A lie ! ” said Caleb.

“ Yes ; you said you certainly hung it up upon the nail,” said Dwight, as they began to walk along.

“ Well, I thought I did,” said Caleb.

“ That makes no difference. You did not say you *thought* you hung it up, but that you was *sure* you did.”

“ Well, I certainly thought I did,” said Caleb ; “ and I am sure it wasn’t a lie.”

Dwight insisted that it was, and Caleb determined to ask his grandmother.

They returned to the mole, and Caleb sat down in his little rocking-chair, and amused himself by lashing the ground with his whip, and then rocking rapidly, as if his chair was a chaise that he was driving. David and Dwight went on with their work upon the mole.

It was not long after this, that David, on

looking towards the house, called out that his mother was coming. It was true. She had put on her bonnet, and was coming slowly down to the brook, to see how the boys got along with their work. They were rejoiced to see her coming. They took Caleb's chair, and laid it down upon its side, and then put one of the side-pieces of the wheelbarrow upon it, with the clean side up; and this made quite a comfortable seat for her, though it was a little unsteady. She sat down upon it, and made a good many inquiries about their plan and the progress of their work.

"Well, boys," said she, "this is a capital plan, and you will have a great eddy above your mole."

"An eddy!" said Dwight; "what is that?"

"Why, the water, coming down, will strike upon the outer end of your mole, and be turned in towards the shore, and then will go round and come out into the stream again. There, you can see it is beginning to run so already."

So the boys looked above the mole, and

they saw the little bubbles that were floating in the water, sailing round and round slowly, in a small circle, between the upper side of the mole and the shore.

“When you get it built away out,” said Madam Rachel, “there will be quite a whirlpool; you might call it the Maelstrom. There, you see, Caleb can have a little harbor up there on the shore, and one of you can go out to the end of the mole, and put a little ship into the water, and the eddy will carry it round to him. Then he can take out the cargo, and put in a new one, and then set the ship in the water, and the current will carry it back again, round on the other side of the whirlpool.”

The boys were very much delighted at this prospect, and they determined to build out the mole very far, so as to have “a great sweep,” as Dwight called it, in the eddy. Caleb went out upon the part of the mole which was finished, and put in a piece of wood, and watched it with great delight as it slowly sailed around.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCUSSION.

WHILE Caleb stood upon the mole, he began to whip the water ; and, in doing so, he spattered David and Dwight a little.

Dwight said, "Take care, Caleb — don't spatter us;" and he went up to him, and was going gently to take hold of his whip, to take it away. "Let me have the whip," said he.

"No," said Caleb, holding it firmly, "I want it."

"Let go of it, Dwight," said Madam Rachel.

"Why, mother, he ought to let me have it, for I went and got it for him. He would not have had it at all without me."

"You must not take it by violence," said his mother, "if you have ever so good a right to it. But did you get it for him?"

"Yes, mother ; and he told a lie about it."

"O, Dwight!" said his mother, "you ought

not to say so. I can't think Caleb would tell a lie."

"He did, mother: he said he was sure he hung it up, when, after all, he dropped it in the water; and we agreed to leave it to you if that was not telling a lie."

"Did you know, Caleb, when you said you hung it up, that you had really left it in the water?"

"No, grandmother," said Caleb, very earnestly; "I really thought I had hung it up."

"Then it was not telling a *lie*, Dwight. A lie is told with the intention to deceive. To make it a lie, it is necessary that the person who says a thing, must *know distinctly*, at the time that he says it, that it is not true; and he must say it with the particular intention to deceive. Now, Caleb did not do this."

"Well, mother," said Dwight, "I am sure you have told us a good many times that we must never say any thing unless we are sure it is true."

"So I have. I admit that Caleb did wrong in saying so positively that he had hung his whip up, when he did not know certainly that he had. But this does not

prove that it was telling a lie. You know there are a great many other faults besides telling lies ; and this is one of them."

"What do you call it, mother?" said David.

"I don't know," said she, hesitating. "It is a very common fault, — asserting a thing positively, when you do not know whether it is true or not. But if you *think* it is true, even if you have no proper grounds for thinking so, and are entirely mistaken, it is not telling a lie.

"For now, Dwight," she continued, "suppose that Caleb had remembered distinctly that he had left his whip up in the brook, and yet had told you positively that he had brought it home, and hung it up, don't you see that it would have been a very different thing?"

"Why, — yes," said Dwight ; though he seemed to admit it rather reluctantly.

"The intention, that is, the state of the heart, is every thing, both in this and in all other sins. In fact, I once knew a case where one boy was justly punished for falsehood, when what he said was true ; and an-

other was rewarded for his truth, when what he said was false."

"Why, mother!" said Dwight and David together, with great surprise.

"Yes," said Madam Rachel, "the case was this: They were farmers' boys, and they wanted to go into the barn, and play upon the hay. Their father told them they might go, but charged them to be careful to shut the door after them in going in, so as not to let the colt get out. So the boys ran off to the barn in high glee, and were so eager to get upon the hay, that they forgot altogether to shut the door. When they came down, they found the door open, and, to their great alarm, the colt was nowhere to be seen. Josy, one of the boys, said, 'Let us shut the door now, and not tell father that we let the colt out, and he will think somebody else did it.'

"'No,' said James, the other, 'let us tell the truth.'

"So, about an hour afterwards, Josy went into the house, and his father said, 'Josy, did you let the colt out?'

"'No, sir,' said Josy.

“Not long after, he met James.

“‘James,’ said he, ‘you had a fine time upon the hay, I suppose. I hope you did not let the colt out.’

“James hung his head, and said, ‘Why, yes, sir, we did. We forgot to shut the door, and so he got away.’

“Now, which of these boys, do you suppose, was guilty of telling a lie?”

“Why, Josy, certainly,” said David, Dwight, and Caleb, altogether.

“Yes; and yet the colt had not got away.”

“Hadn’t he?” said Dwight.

“No; he was safely coiled up in a corner upon some hay, out of sight; and there the farmer found him, safe and sound, when he went in to look. But did that make any difference in Josy’s guilt, do you think?”

“No, mother,” said Dwight. David, at the same time, shook his head, showing that he entertained the same opinion.

“I think it did not,” continued Madam Rachel, “and the farmer thought so too; for he very properly punished Josy, and rewarded James.”

Dwight seemed to assent to this rather reluctantly, as if he was almost sorry that Caleb had not been proved guilty of telling a lie.

“Well, mother,” he said, presently, with a more lively tone, “at any rate he disobeyed you ; for you told him not to go near the brook where the bank was high ; and he did, or else he never would have fallen in.”

“But I could not help it,” said Caleb, “the cow frightened me so.”

“Yes, you could help it,” said Dwight ; “for the cow did not come up and push you ; you walked back yourself, of your own accord.”

Madam Rachel observed that Caleb appeared more pale and languid than usual. He had looked up with interest and animation, two or three times, in the course of the conversation ; but generally he sat leaning his cheek pensively upon his hand, and this new charge which Dwight brought against him, made him look more sad and melancholy still.

Madam Rachel, accordingly, said that she would not talk any more about it then, for she must go in, and she asked Caleb whether

he would rather go in with her, or remain out there with the boys. He said he would rather go in. So he took hold of Madam Rachel's hand, and walked along by her side. David said he would bring his rocking-chair for him, when he and Dwight should come in.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF BLIND SAMUEL.

MADAM RACHEL went into the house, and sat down in her large rocking-chair, by a window, in a back parlor that looked out upon a little garden, and began to sew. Caleb played around a little while, rather languidly, and at last came up to his grandmother, and, leaning upon her lap, asked her if she would not take him up, and rock him a little. She could not help pitying him, he looked so feeble and sad ; and she accordingly laid down her work, and lifted him up — he was not heavy.

“ Well, Caleb, you have not asked me to take you up, and tell you a story so, for a long time. This is the way I used to do when you were quite a little boy ; only then you used to kneel in my lap, and lay your head upon my shoulder, so that my mouth was close to your ear. But you are too big now.”

Caleb smiled a little, for he was glad to

find that he was growing big; but it was rather a faint and sad smile.

“But I don’t grow any stronger, grandmother,” said he. “I wish I was well and strong, like the other boys.”

“You don’t know what would be best for you, my little Caleb. God leads you along in his own way, through life, and you must go patiently and pleasantly on, just where he thinks best. You are like blind Samuel, going through the woods with his father.”

“How was that, grandmother?” said he, sitting up, and turning round to look at her.

“You sit still,” said she, gently laying him back again, “and I will tell you.

“Samuel was a blind boy. He had been away, and was now going home with his father. His father led him, and he walked along by his side. Presently, they came to a large brook, and, before they got near it, they heard it roaring. His father said, ‘Samuel, I think there is a freshet.’ ‘I think so too,’ said Samuel, ‘for I hear the water roaring.’ When they came in sight of the stream, his father said, ‘Yes, Samuel, there has been a great freshet, and the bridge is

carried away.' 'And what shall we do now?' said Samuel. 'Why, we must go round by the path through the woods.' 'That will be bad for me,' said Samuel. 'But I will lead you,' said his father, 'all the way; just trust every thing to me.' 'Yes, father,' said Samuel, 'I will.'

"So his father took a string out of his pocket, and gave one end of it to Samuel. 'There, Samuel,' said he, 'take hold of that, and that will guide you; and walk directly after me.'"

"How long was the string?" said Caleb.

"O, not very long," replied Madam Rachel; "so as just to let him walk a step or two behind.

"After he had walked on a short distance, he said, 'Father, I wish you would let me take hold of your hand,' 'But you said,' replied his father, 'that you would trust every thing to me.' 'So I will, father,' said Samuel; 'but I do wish you would let me take hold of your hand, instead of this string.' 'Very well,' said his father; 'you may try *your way*.'

"So Samuel came and took hold of his

father's hand, and tried to walk along by his father's side. But the path was narrow; there was not more than room for one, and though his father walked as far on one side as possible, yet Samuel had not room enough. The branches scratched his face, and he stumbled continually upon roots and stones. At length he said, 'Father, you know best. I will take hold of the string, and walk behind.'

"So, after that, he was patient and submissive, and followed his father wherever he led. After a time, his father saw a serpent in the road directly before them. So he turned aside, to go round by a compass in the woods."

"A compass?" said Caleb.

"Yes," said his grandmother; "that is, a round-about way. But it was very rough and stony. Presently, Samuel stopped and said, 'Father,' seems to me it is pretty stony; haven't we got out of the path?' 'Yes,' said his father; 'but you promised to be patient and submissive, and trust every thing to me.' 'Well, father,' said Samuel, 'you know best, and I will follow.' So he walked

on again. When they had got by, his father told him that the reason why he had gone out of the road was, that there was a serpent there. And so, when God leads us in a difficult way, Caleb, that we don't understand at the time, we often see the reason of it afterwards."

Caleb did not answer; and Madam Rachel went on with her story.

"By and by, his father came within the sound of the brook again, and stopped a minute or two, and then he told Samuel that he should have to leave him a short time, and that he might sit down upon a log, and wait until he came back. 'But, father,' said Samuel, 'I don't want to be left alone here in the woods, in the dark.' 'It is not dark,' said his father. 'It is all dark to me,' said Samuel. 'I know it is,' said his father, 'and I am very sorry; but you promised to leave every thing to me, and be obedient and submissive.' 'So I will, father; you know best, and I will do just as you say.' So Samuel sat down upon the log, and his father went away. He was a little terrified by the solitude, and the darkness, and the roaring of

the water ; but he trusted to his father, and was still.

“ By and by, he heard a noise as of something heavy falling into the water. He was frightened, for he thought it was his father. But it was not his father. What do you think it was, Caleb ? ”

Caleb did not answer. Madam Rachel looked down to see why he did not speak, and as she moved him a little, so as to see his face, his head rolled over to one side ; and, in short, Madam Rachel found that he was fast asleep.

“ Poor little fellow ! ” said she ; and she rose carefully, and carried him to the bed, and laid him down. He opened his eyes a moment, when his cheek came in contact with the cool pillow, but turned his face over immediately, shut his eyes again, and was soon in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGINEERING.

WHEN Caleb awoke, it was almost evening. The rays of the setting sun were shining in at the window. Caleb opened his eyes, and, after lying still a few moments, began to sing. He thought it was morning, and that it was time for him to get up. Presently, however, he observed that the sun was shining in at the wrong window for morning: then he noticed that he was not undressed; and, finally, he thought it must be night; but he could not think how he came to be asleep there at that time.

Caleb went out into the parlor. David and Dwight were just putting the chairs around the tea table. At tea time, the boys talked a good deal about the mole, and they asked Mary Anna if she would help them rig some vessels to sail in the Maelstrom.

“Sail in the Maelstrom!” said Mary Anna; “who ever heard of sailing in the

Maelstrom ? That is a great whirlpool, which swallows up ships ; they never sail in it. You had better call it the Gulf Stream."

" Well," said Dwight, " we will ; and will you help us rig some vessels ? "

" Yes," said Mary Anna, " when you get the mole done."

Mary Anna was a beautiful girl, about seventeen years old, with a mild and gentle expression of countenance, and very pleasant tone of voice. She helped the children in all their plays, and they were always pleased when she was with them. She had great stores of pasteboard and colored papers, to make boxes, and portfolios, and little pocket-books and wallets of ; and she had a paint-box, and pencils, and drawing-books, and portfolios of pictures and drawing lessons. She rigged the boys' vessels, and covered their balls, and made them beautiful flags and banners out of her pieces of colored silk. She advised them to have a flag-staff out at the end of the mole, as they generally have on all fortifications and national works. She told them she would make them a handsome flag for the purpose.

After tea, she went down with them to see the works. She seemed to like the mole very much. The whirlpool was moving very regularly, and she advised them to build the mole out pretty far.

“Yes,” said Dwight; “and we are going to have a piece built across, up and down the stream, at the end of it, so as to make a T of it.”

“I think you had better make a Y of it,” said Mary Anna.

“A Y!” said Dwight; “how?”

“Why, instead of having the end piece go straight across the end of the mole, let the two parts of it branch out into the stream, one upwards, and the other down.”

“What good will that do?” said David.

“Why, if you make it straight, like a T, the current will run directly along the outer edge of it, and so your vessels will not stay there. But if you have it Y-shaped, there will be a little sort of a harbor in the crotch, where your vessels can lie quietly, while the current flows along by, out beyond the forks.”

“That will be excellent,” said Dwight, clapping his hands.

“And, besides,” said she, “the upper part of the Y will run obliquely out into the stream, and so turn more of the current into your eddy, and make the whirlpool larger.”

“Well, and we will make it so,” said David; “and then it will be an excellent mole.”

“Yes,” said Mary Anna, “there will be all sorts of water around it; — a whirlpool above, a little harbor in the crotch, a current in front, and still water below. It will be as good a place for sailing boats as I ever saw.”

But the twilight was coming on, and they all soon returned to the house.

Madam Rachel had a little double-bedroom, as it was called, where she slept. It was called a double-bedroom, because it consisted, in fact, of two small rooms, with a large arched opening between them, without any door. Instead of a door, there were large curtains, which were generally hung up on each side, so as to leave it all open from one little room to the other. In one room was the bed where Madam Rachel slept, and under it was a little bed, which moved in and out on little trucks, for Caleb. In the

other room was a table in the middle, with books and papers upon it. There was a window in one side, and opposite the arched opening which led to the bedroom was a small sofa.

Now, it was Madam Rachel's custom, every evening, before the children went to bed, to take them into her bedroom, and hear them read a few verses of the Bible; and then she would explain the verses, and talk with them a little about what had occurred during the day, and give them good advice and good instruction. At such times, the children usually sat upon the sofa, on one side of the table, and Madam Rachel took her seat on the other side of the table, in a chair, so as to face them. Then they would read a few verses of a chapter in the Bible, each boy reading one, and Madam Rachel would explain them. The children generally liked this very much; and yet she very seldom told them any stories at these times. It was almost all reasonings and explanations; and yet the children liked it very much.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOFA.

THE boys took their places on the sofa, and read their verses, and afterwards laid their books upon the table. After that, Madam Rachel began to talk about the occurrences of the day, as follows :—

“There are two or three things, boys, that I have been keeping to talk with you about, this evening. One is the question you asked Dwight, about Caleb’s disobeying me, when he fell into the water.”

“Yes, mother,” said Dwight, looking up at once, very eagerly ; “you told him never to go near the bank ; and yet he went, and so he fell in.”

“But I could not help it,” said Caleb.

“Why, yes, mother, he certainly could help it ; for he walked there himself, of his own accord.”

“Very well ; that is the question for us to consider ; but, first, we must all be in a proper

state of mind to consider it, or else it will do us no good. Now, Dwight, I am going to ask you a question, and I want to have you answer it honestly: — Which way do you wish to have this question, about Caleb's disobedience, decided? ”

“ Why, — I don't know,” said Dwight.

“ Suppose I should come to the conclusion that Caleb did right, and should prove it by arguments, should you feel a little glad, or a little sorry? ”

Dwight hung his head, and seemed somewhat confused, but said, doubtfully, that he did not know.

“ Now, I think, myself,” said his mother, “ that you have a secret wish to have it appear that Caleb is guilty of disobedience. You said he disobeyed, at first, from unkind feelings, which you seemed to feel towards him at the moment; and now, I suppose, you wish to adhere to it, so as to get the victory. Now, honestly, isn't it so? ”

Dwight did not answer, at first. He looked somewhat ashamed. Presently, however, he concluded that it was best to be frank and honest; so he looked up, and acknowledged that it was so.

“Yes,” said his mother; “and while you are under the influence of such a prejudice, it would do no good for us to discuss the subject, for you would not be convinced; so you had better give it up. It would not do much good for you just to get the victory over little Caleb to-night; but it will do you a great deal of good really to understand the subject.”

Madam Rachel saw, while she was speaking, that Dwight did not look sullen and dissatisfied, but good-natured and pleasant; and so she knew that he had concluded to listen, candidly, to what she had to say.

“I think that Caleb was not to blame at all,” said Madam Rachel, “for two reasons. One is, that he was probably overwhelmed with terror. To be sure, as you say, the cow did not push him. He walked himself; — yet still he was *impelled* as strongly as if he had been pushed, though in a different manner. He was completely carried away. His whole soul was absorbed by the sense of danger, and every thing else was driven out of his mind; and he was, for the time, completely a slave to his fears, so as not to be responsi-

ble in respect to any other feelings or considerations, for there were no others in his mind.

“Then there is another reason why Caleb is innocent of any disobedience. When I told him that he must not go to the high banks, I did not mean that he *never* must go, *in any case whatever*.”

“I thought you *said* he never must,” said David.

“I presume I did say so, and I made no exceptions; but still some exceptions are always *implied* in such a case. In all commands, however positive they may be, there is always some exception implied.”

“Why, mother!” said Dwight, with surprise.

“It is so,” said his mother. “Suppose, for instance, that I were to tell you to sit down by the parlor fire, and study a lesson, and not to get out of your chair, on any account. And suppose that, after I had gone and left you, the fire should fall down, and some coals roll out upon the floor, would it not be your duty to get up, and brush them back?”

“Why, yes,” said Dwight.

“So, in all cases, very extreme and extraordinary occurrences, that could not, by any possibility, have been considered, in giving the command, make exceptions. And Caleb, thinking, as he did, that he was in great danger from the cow, if he had thought of my command at all, would have done perfectly right to have considered so extraordinary a case an exception, and so have retreated towards the brook, notwithstanding my commands.”

“But, mother,” said David, “the cow would not have hurt him at all. She never hooks. She was only playing.”

“You and I know that,” said his mother, “but Caleb did not. He honestly thought there *was* danger; and it was his duty to act according to his own honest opinion of the case. So I don’t think he was at all to blame; and I am sorry the poor little fellow got such a fright, and such a wetting. And now *that* question is settled.”

Here little Caleb, who had been sitting up very straight, and looking eagerly at his grandmother and at the other boys, during

the progress of the conversation, drew a long breath, and leaned back against the sofa, as if he felt a good deal relieved.

“ And now, Dwight, there is one thing I have seen in you to-day, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, and another which gave me pain.”

“ What, mother ? ” said Dwight.

“ Why, after I talked with you at noon, about teasing Caleb, you began to treat him very kindly. You invited him to go down and see you work, and you carried his chair for him, and helped him down. That gave me a great deal of pleasure. I learned three things by it. First, I knew that you were sorry that you had troubled him ; and, secondly, I saw that you were willing to acknowledge it — for going to him openly, and taking so much pains to please him, was acknowledging that you had been in the wrong, very plainly ; and, in the third place, I saw that your heart was somewhat changed in respect to Caleb ; for then you seemed to take pleasure in making him happy, while before you took delight in making him miserable.”

Dwight looked gratified and pleased while his mother was saying these things.

“But then, in the course of the afternoon,” she continued, “the old malignant heart seemed to come back again. When I came down to see the mole, I found you in such a state of mind as to take pleasure in Caleb’s suffering. You wanted to prove that he had told a lie, and looked disappointed when I showed you that he had not. Then you wanted to prove he had disobeyed me ; when, after all, you knew very well that he had not.”

“O, mother ! ” said Dwight.

“Yes, Dwight, I am very sorry to have to say so ; but you, undoubtedly, had no real belief that Caleb had done wrong. Suppose I had told you I was going to punish him for disobeying me in retreating to the brook, should you have thought it would have been right ? ”

“Why, no, mother,” said Dwight.

“You would have been shocked at such an idea. And now, don’t you see that all your attempt to prove that he had done wrong, was only the effect of the ill-will you felt towards him at the time. It was malice

triumphing over your judgment and your sense of right and wrong. I told you, you know, that your resolutions would not reach the case."

"Well, mother, I *am determined*," said Dwight, very deliberately and positively, "that I *never will* tease or trouble Caleb any more."

"The evil is not so much in teasing and troubling Caleb, as in having a heart capable of taking any pleasure in it. That is the great difficulty. I could myself prevent your troubling him, by punishing you every time you should do it; but that would not be of much consequence, as long as you should have malicious feelings covered up within."

"Well, mother, I am determined I never will feel any pleasure in his troubles again."

"I am afraid that won't depend altogether upon the determinations you make. For instance, when you went to Caleb to-day, and kindly tried to persuade him to go down, and offered to carry his rocking-chair for him, your heart was then in a state of love towards him. Do you think you could then, by a determination, have changed it from

love to hate, and begun to take pleasure in teasing him?"

Dwight remembered how kindly and pleasantly he had felt towards Caleb at that time, and he thought that it would have been impossible for him *then* to have found any pleasure in tormenting him; and so he said, "No, mother, I could not."

"And so, when you are angry with a person, and your heart is in a state of ill-will and malice towards him, does it seem to you that you can, merely by a determination, change it, all at once, and begin to be filled with love, so as to feel pleasure in his happiness?"

Dwight was silent, at first; he presently answered, faintly, that he could not.

"And if you cannot change your heart by your mere determinations at the time, you certainly cannot by making one general determination, now, beforehand, for all time to come."

Dwight saw his helpless condition, and sighed. After a pause, he said,

"Mother, it seems to me you are discouraging me from trying to be a better boy."

“ No, Dwight ; but I don’t want you to depend on false hopes that must only end in your disappointment. Children don’t know how deeply seated their sins and sinful tendencies are ; and I want you to understand it, so that you may go to work in the right way. Now, this feeling of malice and ill-will, which begins to show itself in all children very soon, is very sinful, it is true ; but then as to the injury it does, in childhood, it is not of much consequence. It is no *very* great matter if a little child, like Caleb, is troubled and teased for half an hour. He soon forgets it. It is what these wicked feelings will finally grow to, unless they are thoroughly changed, that makes me so anxious about it. Your determinations will help you in not *indulging* the bad feelings ; but I want to have your heart changed, so that you could not possibly *have* such feelings. I hope mine is. I once showed the same spirit that you do ; but, now, I don’t think it would be *possible* for me to take any pleasure in teasing Caleb, or you, or David.”

“ What, not if you should try ? ”

“ I could *tease* him if I should try, very

easily ; but I could not *take any pleasure* in it, if I were to try ever so hard. It is not possible. On the other hand, you have tried, this afternoon, very hard not to be malicious ; and yet you have been malicious. That shows, you see, that there is a permanent difference in the state of our hearts."

Caleb was silent.

"I hope," added Madam Rachel, "that God will give you a benevolent and tender heart, so that there shall be no *tendency in you* to do wrong. He will change yours, if you pray to him to do it. In fact, I hope, and sometimes I almost believe, that he has begun. I do not think you would have gone to Caleb to-day so pleasantly, and acknowledged your fault, as you did by your actions, and felt so totally differently from what you had done, if God had not wrought some change in you. I have very often talked with children about such faults, as plainly and kindly as I did with you, and it produced no effect. When they went away, I found, by their looks and actions afterwards, that their hearts were not changed at all. And so, Dwight," said she, "I have not been saying this to

discourage you, but to make you feel that you need a greater change than your determinations can accomplish, and so to lead you to God, that you may throw yourself upon him, and ask him, not merely to help you, in your determinations not to act out your bad feelings, but to change the very nature of them, or, rather, to carry on the change, which, I hope, he has begun."

Dwight remembered, while his mother was talking, how full his heart had been of kindness and love to Caleb, while he was helping him that afternoon, and he perceived clearly that he had not produced that state of mind by any of his own determinations that he would feel so, before he actually did. He remembered how happy he had been at that time, and how discontented and miserable after he had been troubling Caleb; and he had a feeling of strong desire that God would change his heart, and make him altogether and always benevolent and kind.

Now, it happened that Caleb had not understood this conversation very well, and he began to be weary and uneasy. Besides, just about this time he began to recollect

something about his grandmother's beginning a story for him, when she took him up in her lap, after he came in from the mole. So, when he noticed that there was a pause in the conversation, he said,

"Grandmother, you promised to tell me a story about blind Samuel."

"So I did," said his grandmother, smiling; "and I began it; but, before I got through, you got fast asleep."

David and Dwight laughed, and so, in fact, did Caleb; and Madam Rachel then said that if he would tell David and Dwight the story as far as she had gone, she would finish it.

"Well," said Caleb, "I will. Once there was a blind boy, and his name was Samuel; and, you see, he was going through the woods, and his father was with him. And his father walked along, and he walked along, and it was stony, and he said he would do just what his father said, because his father knew best, — and, — and so he took hold of the string again."

"What string?" said Dwight.

"Why, it was his father's string," said

Caleb, eagerly, looking up into Dwight's face.

"What did he have a string for?" said David.

"Why, to lead him along by," said Caleb.

"Yes — but why did not he take hold of his father's hand?" asked Dwight.

"Why, — why, — there was a snake in the road, I believe, — wasn't there, grandmother?"

His grandmother smiled, — for Caleb had evidently got bewildered, in his drowsiness, so that he had not a very distinct recollection of the story. She, therefore, began again, and told the whole. When she got to the place where she left off before, that is, to the place where Samuel heard a splash in the water, Dwight started up and asked, eagerly,

"What was it?"

"A stone, I suppose," said David, coolly.

"No," said Madam Rachel, "it was only the end of the stem of a small tree, which Samuel's father was trying to fix across the brook, so that he could lead his blind boy over. It was lying upon the ground,

and he took it, and raised it upon its end, near the edge of the bank, on one side, and then let it fall over, in hopes that the other end would fall upon the opposite bank. But it did not happen to fall straight across, and so the end fell into the water, and this was the noise that Samuel heard.

“He drew the stick back again, and then contrived to raise it upon its end once more ; and this time he was more successful. It fell across, and so extended from bank to bank. In a few minutes, he succeeded in getting another by its side, and then he came back to Samuel.

“ ‘ Samuel,’ said he, ‘ I have built a bridge.’

“ ‘ A bridge !’ said Samuel.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ a sort of a bridge ; and now I am going to try to lead you over.’

“ ‘ But, father, I am afraid.’

“ ‘ You said you would trust yourself entirely to me, and go wherever I should say.’

“ ‘ Well, father,’ said Samuel, ‘ I will. You know best, after all.’

“ So Samuel took hold of his father’s hand, and, with slow and very careful steps, he got over the roaring torrent, and then

they soon came out into a broad, smooth road, and so got safely home.

“Now, Caleb,” continued Madam Rachel, after she had finished her story, “do you remember what I meant to teach you by this story?”

“Yes, grandmother; you said that I was like blind Samuel, and that God knew what was best for me, and that I must let him lead me wherever he pleases.”

“Yes; and what was it that you said, that reminded me to tell you the story?”

“I said that I wished that I was well and strong, like other boys.”

“Yes,” said his grandmother. “I do not think you said it in a fretful or impatient spirit; but I thought that this story of Samuel would help keep you patient and contented.”

“Yes, grandmother, it does,” said Caleb.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CART RIDE.

A WEEK after this, Caleb had his whip to mend. He had broken off the lash, by whipping in sticks and little pieces of drift-wood to the mole. David and Dwight worked a little every day upon the mole, and had carried it out pretty far into the stream, and had almost finished the lower branch of the Y. So, one morning, after the boys had gone to school, and Caleb had had his reading lesson, he sat down upon the steps of the door, behind the house, and began to tie on his lash, with a piece of twine which Mary Anna had given him.

Behind the house where Caleb's grandmother lived, there was a lane which led to the pasture. At the head of the lane, where you entered it from the yard, were a pair of bars. While Caleb was mending his whip, he accidentally looked up, and noticed that the bars were down.

“There, Mr. Raymond,” said Caleb, talking to himself, as he went on winding his twine round and round the whip-handle; “for once in your life, you have been careless. You have left your bars down. Now we shall have the cattle all let out, unless I go and stop the mischief.”

Caleb thought he would go and put the bars up again, as soon as he had tied the ends of his twine; but, before he got quite ready, he heard a noise, as of something coming in the lane. He could not see down the lane far, from the place where he sat, for the barn was in the way. But he wondered what could be coming, and he looked towards the bars, and sat waiting for it to appear.

In a moment, the head and horns of a great ox came into view, and, immediately after, the body of the ox himself, walking slowly along towards the bars.

“There, now,” said Caleb, “there comes Lion, and he’ll get away.” So he jumped up, and ran towards the ox a few steps, brandishing his whip, and shouting out to drive him back. Old Lion, however, seemed to pay no attention, but came steadily for-

ward, stepping carefully over the ends of the bars, and then, advancing a little way into the yard, began quietly to feed upon the grass. Before Caleb got over his surprise at the entire indifference which old Lion seemed to feel towards him and his whip, he heard the bars rattling again, and, looking there, he saw Star, Lion's mate, following on.

"O dear me," said Caleb, "what shall I do? All our oxen are getting away. I'll run and call Raymond."

So he began to shout out "RAYMOND," as loud as he could call; and, immediately afterwards, he heard Raymond's voice answering, just down the lane; and, looking that way, he saw him coming over the bars himself, as if he had been following the oxen along up the lane.

"Raymond, Raymond," he cried out, "come quick; all your oxen are getting away."

"O, no," said Raymond, quietly, as he was putting up the bars after the oxen, "they cannot get away—I have fastened the outer gate."

Then Caleb looked around and observed

that the outer gate was fastened, so that they could not get out of the yard.

“O, very well,” said he. “I did not know you were driving them up;” and so he quietly returned to his seat, and went on playing with his whip. Raymond, in the mean time, proceeded to yoke up the cattle.

“Raymond,” said Caleb, at length, “where are you going with the cattle?”

“Out into the woods,” said Raymond.

“What are you going to do in the woods?” said Caleb.

“I am going to make a piece of fence.”

“May I go with you?”

“I don’t think you can help me much about the fence,” said Raymond.

“I can pull bushes along,” said Caleb.

Raymond made no reply, but began to drive the oxen towards a cart that was standing in a corner of the yard, and, after a few minutes, Caleb renewed his request.

“Raymond, I wish you would let me go with you.”

“Well—it is just as your grandmother says,” replied Raymond.

So Caleb ran in to ask his grandmother;

and she came to the window, and inquired of Raymond how long he expected to be gone. He said it would take him more than half a day to make the piece of fence, and he was going to take his dinner with him. This was an objection to Caleb's going; but yet his grandmother concluded, on the whole, to consent. So they put up some bread and butter, and some apples, with Raymond's dinner, for Caleb. These things were all put in paper parcels, and the parcels put into a bag, which was thrown into the bottom of the cart.

Then Caleb wanted to take his hatchet.

His grandmother thought it would not be safe.

"I'll be *very* careful," said he; "and if I don't have my hatchet, how can I help make the fence?"

Raymond smiled, and Madam Rachel seemed at a loss to know what to say.

"It won't do, — will it, Raymond?" said she.

"He might cut himself," said Raymond. "But there is a small key-hole saw in the barn, that I filed up the other day. Perhaps

he might have that, to saw the bushes down with."

"Can you saw, Caleb?" said his grandmother.

"Not very well," said Caleb, looking somewhat disappointed; "the saw sticks so."

"I can set it pretty rank," said Raymond, speaking to Madam Rachel at the window, "and then, I think, he can make it run smooth."

Madam Rachel did not understand what Raymond meant by *setting it rank*, and so she said,

"How will that help it, Raymond?"

"Why, then it will cut a wide kerf," said Raymond, "and so the back will follow in easily."

She did not understand from this much better than she did before; but, as she had great confidence in Raymond, she concluded to let him manage in his own way. She accordingly told him that he might fix the saw, and take Caleb with him.

So Raymond went out into the barn, and took down the saw from a nail. The teeth looked bright and sharp.

“Why, Raymond, how sharp it looks! And the teeth are of different shape from what they were before!”

“Yes,” said Raymond, “I have made a cutting saw of it.”

“A cutting saw?” said Caleb. “Can you *cut* with a saw? I thought they always *sawed* with a saw.”

“I mean, cut across the grain,” said Raymond, smiling. “When a saw is filed so as to saw *along* the board, then it is called a *splitting* saw; but when it is to saw *across* the board, then I call it a *cutting* saw.”

Caleb looked carefully at the teeth, so as to see how the teeth of a cutting saw were shaped. And while he looked on, he observed that Raymond had a little instrument in his hand, and he took hold of the first tooth of the saw with it, and bent it over a little to one side, and then he took hold of the next one, and bent it over to the other side; and so he went on, bending them alternately to the right and left, until he passed along from one end of the saw to the other.

“There,” said he, “that is set pretty rank.”

“What do you mean by that?” said Caleb, as he followed Raymond out of the barn.

“Why, the teeth are set off, a good way, each side, and it will cut a good wide kerf; and so your saw will run easy.”

By this time they had reached the cart. Raymond took hold of Caleb under his arms, and jumped him up into the cart, behind, and then handed him his saw. Then he put in an axe and an iron bar for himself, and one or two spare chains; and then he went to open the great gate. Just at this moment, Mary Anna appeared at the window, and said,

“Caleb, are you going into the woods?”

“Yes,” said Caleb.

“Then, if you see any good, smooth birch bark, won’t you bring me home some?”

“I will,” said Caleb; and then Raymond opened the gate, and started the oxen on. Caleb stood up in front, holding on by a stake, and wondering all the time what Raymond could mean by a *kerf*.

One would think that he might have known by the connection in which Raymond used it, — for he said that he had bent the

teeth out so as to make the saw cut a good wide *kerf*, and so he might have supposed that the kerf was the cut in the wood which a saw makes in going in. The reason why boys find it so difficult to saw, is because the teeth do not generally spread very much, and so the kerf is narrow. Still, the back of the saw would run in it well enough, without sticking, if they were to saw perfectly straight. But they generally make the saw twist or wind a little, and then the back of the saw rubs upon one side or the other, and sticks. Now, Raymond's plan was to make the teeth set off, each side, so far as to make the kerf very wide, and then he thought that Caleb would be able to make it go, especially as the saw was very narrow.

Raymond got into the cart, and took his seat upon a board which passed across from side to side. He took Caleb by his side, and they rode along.

They reached, at length, a place where there was a small cart path leading off from the main road into the woods. Raymond turned off into this path; but it was so narrow that both he and Caleb had sometimes

to lean away to one side or the other to avoid the bushes. At length, he stopped, and unfastened the oxen from the tongue. He laid the chains, which had been in the cart, across their backs, slung the bag over his shoulder, with half of the parcels in one end, hanging down before him, and the other half in the other end, which hung down behind. Then he took the axe in one hand, and his goad stick in the other, and, when all was ready, started the oxen along before him, Caleb trotting on behind with his saw in his hand.

Presently, they struck off from the cart path directly into the woods, and in a few minutes came to the place where the fence was to be made.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRE.

RAYMOND let the cattle browse about, while he went to work, cutting down some small, but yet pretty tall and bushy trees. He then brought up the team, and hooked a long chain into the ring which hung down from the middle of the yoke, upon the under side. The end of the chain trailed upon the ground, as the oxen came along, and Caleb was very much interested to see how they would trample along, any where, among rocks, roots, mire, logs, bushes, stumps, and, in fact, over and through almost any thing, — chewing their cud all the time, patient and unconcerned. When they were brought up near to one of the trees that had been cut down, Raymond would hook the chain around the butt end of it, and then, at his command, they would drag it out to its place in the line of the fence. After looking on, for some time, Caleb began to think that he

would go to work ; and he went to a little tree, with a stem about as big round as his arm, and began to saw away upon it. He found that his saw would run very well indeed ; and, in a short time, he got the tree off, and then undertook to drag it to the fence.

But the way was so rough, and so much encumbered with logs, stones, and bushes, that he could not get it along very well. Raymond kept on at his own work, and paid no attention to Caleb. Raymond was always a very silent man ; he seldom spoke, unless to answer a question ; and, while Caleb had been watching him, when he first began his work, instead of talking with Caleb, as Caleb would have desired, he was all the time singing,

“ Do, Ra, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.”

The truth was, that Raymond had just begun to go to a singing school, and he was taking this opportunity to rise and fall the notes, as he called it. When Caleb asked him any question about his work, he would just answer it, in a few words, and then, a minute after, begin again with his “ *Do, Re, Mi,*” and all the rest.

Caleb became tired of hearing this singing ; and when, at length, his tree got wedged fast, so that he could not move it any farther, he sat down discouraged upon a log, and looked anxiously towards Raymond, as if he wished that he would come and help him.

Raymond had just hooked his chain to another tree, and, taking up his goad stick, called out,

“ Ha’, Star ! Ha’, Lion ! ” and then, as his oxen started on, he followed them with his —

“ Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.”

“ O dear me ! ” said Caleb, with a deep sigh.

“ Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do,” sang Raymond, coming down the scale.

Caleb got up, and walked along towards Raymond a little way, and called out,

“ Raymond ! ”

“ What ? ” said Raymond.

“ When do you think you shall be done singing that tune ? ”

Raymond smiled, and asked, “ Why ? ”

“ Why,” said Caleb, in rather a timid voice, “ I don’t think it is a very pretty tune.”

“ Don’t you ? ” said Raymond. “ Well, I don’t admire it much myself.”

"Then, what do you sing it so much for, Raymond?"

"O, that's my lesson," said Raymond; "but how does your saw do, Caleb?"

"Very well; only I can't get my tree along."

"Where do you want to get it?"

"O, out to the fence," said Caleb.

"You had better not try to make a fence. You had better build a fire."

"But I have not got any fire to light it with."

"Yes," said Raymond, "I brought a tinder-box because I thought you would want a fire; and I forgot to give it to you."

So Raymond pointed to a place among some rocks off at a little distance before him, near the line in which he was coming along with his fence, and advised Caleb to make a fire there. Caleb liked this plan very much. He said he would play "camp out," and so build a camp, and have a fire before his camp. Raymond told him that as soon as he should get his pile of sticks ready, he would come and strike fire for him.

Caleb went to the place and began to work.

He cut down bushes, and placed them up against the rocks, in such a manner as to make a little hut which he could go into. He then collected a pile of sticks in front of it. First he picked up all the dry sticks he could find near, and then he sawed off branches from the old dead trees which were lying around in the forest.

In an hour, with Raymond's help in lighting his fire, Caleb had a very good camp. His hut was quite a comfortable one, with a blazing fire near it, and three large apples roasting before the fire. By and by, Caleb saw Raymond coming towards him, with the bag over his arm. He opened it, and took out one parcel after another, and then, laying the mouth of the bag down upon the ground, he took hold of the bottom of it, and raised it in the air; while Caleb watched to see what was coming out. It proved to be potatoes; and Raymond told Caleb he might roast them in his fire.

“Cover them up well with hot ashes and coals, Caleb, and then build a fire upon the top.”

So Caleb dug out the bottom of his fire

with a pole ; — for the fire had pretty much burnt down to ashes ; — and he put the potatoes in. There were five of them. Raymond helped him cover them up, and then he put more sticks upon the top. When that was done, and just as he was going back to his work, Raymond said,

“ See there, Caleb ; — there is a fine chimney for you to burn out.”

Caleb looked where Raymond pointed, and saw a very tall and large hollow tree, or rather trunk of a tree, — for the top had long since decayed and dropped away. There it stood, desolate, with a great hole in the side near the bottom, and the bark hanging loosely about it all the way up to the top. The boys always liked to find such hollow trees in the woods, to build fires in : they called it “ burning out a chimney.”

“ Now,” said Raymond, “ all you have got to do is to go to work while your potatoes are roasting, and fill up that old hollow tree at the bottom with sticks and brush, and old pieces of bark. Pack them in close ; then, when I come to dinner, I will help you light it.”

Raymond then went back to the fence, and Caleb began his work as Raymond had directed. He got all the old dried branches that he could find, and carried them to the foot of the tree. Many of them were so brittle that he could break them up into short lengths, by placing one end upon a log, and the other end upon the ground, and then jumping upon the middle. Others he sawed ; and he packed all the pieces in the hollow of the tree, as closely as he could, until the opening below was nearly filled up, and then he got some long branches and thrust them away up into the stem, as far as he could reach.

By this time Caleb saw Raymond coming along towards the camp, and he went there to meet him. They raked open the fire, and took out the potatoes. Raymond turned a stone up upon its edge, and put the potatoes at the side of it, towards the fire, so as to keep them warm. He also cut some square pieces of birch bark from a neighboring tree, for plates, and gave one to Caleb, and took one himself, and then they both sat down upon a smooth log, which Raymond drew up

to the fire, and took their birch-bark plates in their laps.

Raymond took a little paper of salt out of his pocket, and poured the salt out upon another square piece of birch bark, which he placed upon a stone, between himself and Caleb, so that both could reach it.

"Now what shall I do for a spoon?" said Caleb.

"O, you don't need a spoon," said Raymond; and he took up a potato himself, broke it in two, sprinkled some salt upon it, and began to eat it as a boy would eat an apple.

"O, I can't eat my potato so," said Caleb.

"Why not?" said Raymond, putting a little more salt upon his own potato.

"It is too hot," said Caleb.

"Then you must wait until it cools."

"But I want a spoon very much," said Caleb.

"Well," said Raymond, "I will make you one."

So Raymond took out his knife and cut off a piece from a dry pine branch, which lay near him. He split this so as to get a flat

piece out of it, which he fashioned into a rude sort of spoon, that answered Caleb's purpose very well. But before Caleb had much more than begun his dinner, Raymond had finished his, and, rising, said that he must go back to his work.

"But, first, I will set your chimney a-fire," said he.

"No," said Caleb, "I want you to let me kindle it."

"You can't."

"Yes, I can," said Caleb; "I can get some birch bark."

"Very well; only if I go away to my work now, you must not come and trouble me to come back again, because you can't get the fire a-going."

"No," said Caleb, "I won't."

So Raymond went back to his work, and Caleb finished his dinner. He sat a long time, eating his potatoes and roasted apples, and toasting his bread and butter. He enjoyed it so much that he wondered why people would live in houses. He thought it would be pleasant to camp out all the time.

At length, however, his potatoes and bread

and butter were all gone, and his apple cores had been pretty thoroughly scraped with his wooden spoon, and thrown into the fire. So he got up from his seat, and prepared to light his chimney. He took his plate for a slow match. It was pretty large and stiff, and he thought it would burn long enough for him to carry it from the fire to his chimney. He accordingly took hold of it by one corner, and held the other corner into the flame, which was curling up from a brand by the side of his fire.

But before the birch bark took fire, the flame of the brand went out, and then Caleb looked around for another. The fire had, however, burnt nearly down, so as to leave a great bed of embers, with the brands all around it, the burnt ends pointing inwards. Caleb pushed some of these into the fire, and soon made a blaze again, and then once more attempted to set the corner of his plate on fire.

He succeeded. The corner began to blaze and curl, and Caleb rose and moved along carefully, lest the wind should blow it out. This precaution was, however, scarcely neces-

sary, for the little wind that his motion occasioned only fanned the flame the more, and the part which was on fire curled round upon that which was not, and thus formed a round and solid mass, which burned fiercely.

Caleb walked along, the bark blazing higher and higher, and curling in upon itself more and more, until, at length, he began to be afraid it would reach his fingers before he could get to his chimney. He walked faster and faster, and presently began to run. This fanned the fire the more, until, just as he came within a few steps of his chimney, the curling bark reached his fingers, and he tripped over a great root at the very instant when he was dropping the piece of bark from his hands. He came down upon all fours, and the bark, which was now a compact roll, rolled down a little slope, crackling and blazing by the way.

Caleb got up and looked at the blazing mass a minute or two, in despair ; but finding that it kept on burning, his eye suddenly brightened, and he said aloud,

“I’ll poke it up.”

So he looked around for a stick. He

readily found one, and began to push the blazing roll up the acclivity ; but as fast as he pushed it up, it rolled down again, and all his efforts were consequently vain.

“O dear me,” said Caleb, at length, throwing down his stick, “what *shall* I do?”

In the mean time the roll continued blazing, and Caleb, looking at it steadily, observed that it was hollow.

“Ah,” said he, “I’ll *stick* him.”

So he took up his stick again, and tried to thrust the end of the stick *into* the roll. After one or two ineffectual attempts, he succeeded, though by this time the bark was pretty well burnt through, and was all ready to fall to pieces. He, however, succeeded in raising it into the air, upon the end of his pole ; but before he got it to the hollow tree, it dropped off again in several blazing fragments, which continued to burn a moment upon the ground, and then went out entirely.

Caleb then went to Raymond, and told him that he could not make his fire burn.

“O, you must not come to me, youngster ;

you promised not to trouble me with it," said Raymond, as he hooked the chain around the butt-end of another tree.

"But I thought I could make it burn."

"Well, what's the matter with it? But stand back, for I am going to start this tree along."

"Why, the bark curls all up and burns my hand," said Caleb, retreating at the same time out of the way of the top of Raymond's tree.

The oxen started along, dragging the tree, and Caleb followed, trying to get an opportunity to speak once more to Raymond. Raymond, however, went calling aloud to his oxen, and directing them here and there with his "Gee, Star," and his "Ha', Lion," and his "Who' up, Whoa."

At length, however, he had the tree in its place, and, seeing Caleb standing at a little distance patiently, he asked him again,

"What do you say is the matter, Caleb, with your fire?"

"Why, the birch bark curls up and burns me; I wish you would come and set it a-fire."

"No," said Raymond, walking along by

the side of his oxen ; “ I must not leave my work to help you play ; but I will tell you three ways to carry the fire, and you can manage it in one or the other of them.”

So saying, he took out his knife, and cut down a small, slender maple, which was growing near him, and trimmed off the top and the few little branches which were growing near the top. It made a slender pole about five feet long, with smooth but freckled bark, from end to end. He then made a little split in one end.

“ There, Caleb,” said he, “ take that, and stick a piece of birch bark in the split end ; then you can carry it, and let it curl as much as it pleases. Or, if that fails, put a large piece of birch bark directly upon the fire. Then, as soon as it begins to burn, it will begin to curl, and then you must put the end of the stick down to it, in such a manner as that the bark shall curl over and grasp it, and then you can take it up and carry the roll upon the end of your pole.”

“ Very well,” said Caleb, “ there are two ways.”

“ There are two ways,” repeated Ray-

mond. "Now, if both these fail, you must put on a good many fresh sticks upon the fire, with one end of each of them out. Then, as soon as the ends which are in the fire have got burnt through, take up two of them by the ends that were out of the fire, and lay them down at the foot of the hollow tree, close to the wood you have got together there. Then come back and get two more brands, and lay them down in the same way, and be careful to have the burnt ends all together. So you must keep going back and forth, until you find that the brands are beginning to burn up freely in the new place."

Caleb took the maple pole and went back to his fire. He tore the salt-cellar in two, and this made two very good small strips of bark. He pulled open the split end of his pole, and carefully inserted one of them, and then, holding it over a little flame which was rising from a burning brand, he set it on fire. The bark was soon in a blaze, and it writhed and curled as if it was struggling to get away; but it only clung to the end of the pole more closely, and Caleb, much pleased

at the success of his experiment, waved it in the air, and shouted to Raymond to look and see.

He then walked slowly along, stopping every moment to wave his great flambeau, and shout ; and so when, at last, he reached the hollow tree, the bark was nearly burnt out, and the fragments were beginning to fall off from the end of the pole. He then thrust it hastily under the heap of fuel, which had been collected in the tree ; but it was too late. It flickered and smoked a minute or two, and finally went out altogether.

“ I don’t care,” said Caleb to himself, “ for I have got the other half of the salt-cellar ;” and he went back for that. It happened unluckily, however, this time, that, in pulling open the cleft which Raymond had made in his maple pole, he pulled too hard, and split one side off. Here was at once an end to all attempts to communicate fire to his chimney, by this method. So, after refitting the split part of his stick to its place, once or twice, and finding that the idea of uniting it again was entirely out of the question, he threw the broken piece away, and said to him-

self that he must try Raymond's second plan.

He accordingly took the other large piece of bark, which was the one that Raymond had used for his plate, and laid it upon the fire. As soon as it began to curl, he laid the end of the stick close to it, on the side towards which it seemed to be bending, — and in such a way that it curled over upon it, and soon clasped it tight, as Raymond had predicted that it would do. He then raised it in the air, and set out to run with it, so that it should not burn out before he reached the place. But he ought not to have run. It would have been far safer and better to have walked along carefully and slowly ; for as he ran on, jumping over logs and stones, and scrambling up and down the hummocks, the top of the pole, with the blazing roll of bark, was jerked violently about in the air, until at length, when he was wheeling around a tree, he accidentally held the top of the pole out so far that it wheeled round through the air very swiftly, and threw the birch bark off by the centrifugal force ; and away it went, rolling along upon the ground.

The centrifugal force is that which makes any thing fly off when it is whirled round and round. Whenever any thing is whirled so, it always has a tendency to fly off; as, for instance, water upon a grindstone, when the grindstone is turned rapidly, or mud upon a wheel going rapidly down hill. A boy once had a top all open between the peg which came up in the middle and the sides, and he used to pour water into it, and then spin it, out in the yard, and the water would fly out, by the centrifugal force, all about the yard.

Caleb did not understand this very well, but he was surprised to see his roll flying off in that manner. He immediately took two sticks, and tried to take up the roll with them, as one would with a pair of tongs; but he could not hold it with them. The sticks would slip away to each side, and down the blazing roll would go. Caleb amused himself with these attempts for a time, and then went back after more bark; but there was no more to be found.

“Well,” said he, “then I must try the third way.”

So he began to gather sticks and put the

ends of them upon the fire. When they began to burn, he took up one ; but as soon as he got it off of the fire, it began to go out, and he said that he knew that way to kindle a fire never would do. In fact, he began to get out of patience. He threw down the stick, and went off again after Raymond.

“ Raymond,” said he, “ I *cannot* make my fire burn ; and I wish you would come and kindle it for me.”

“ Have you tried the ways I told you about ? ”

“ Yes,” said Caleb.

“ Have you tried all of them, faithfully ? ”

“ All but the last,” said Caleb, “ and I know that won’t do.”

“ You must try them all, faithfully, or else I can’t come.” So saying, Raymond went on with his work.

Caleb went back a good deal out of humor with himself, and saying that he wished Raymond was not so cross. He took up two of the sticks, which were now pretty well on fire, and carried them along, swinging them by the way, to make fiery rings and serpents in the air. When he reached the chimney,

he threw them down carelessly, and stood watching them, to see if they were going to burn. Instead, however, of setting the other wood on fire, they only grew dimmer and dimmer themselves; and he said to himself, "I knew they would not burn." Then he sat down upon a log, in a sad state of fretfulness and dissatisfaction.

However, after waiting a few minutes longer, he went back to the fire, determined to bring all the brands there were there, and put them down, though he knew, he said, that they would not burn. He was going to do it, so that then he could go and tell Raymond that he had tried all his plans, and that now he must come, and light the fire himself.

So he walked along, back and forth, bringing the brands and laying them down together near the foot of the heap of fuel in the tree. But before he had brought them all, he found that they began to brighten up a little, and at length they broke out into a little flame. He stood and watched it a few minutes. It blazed up higher and higher. He then put on some more wood which was

near. The flame crept up between these sticks, and soon began to snap and crackle among the brush in the tree. Caleb stepped back, and watched the flame a moment as it flashed up higher and higher, and then clapped his hands, jumped up upon a log, and shouted out,

“Raymond, it’s a-burning, it’s a-burning!”

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTIVE.

WHEN Raymond heard Caleb's voice calling to him so loudly, he paused a moment from his work, and seeing that the fire had actually taken, in earnest, he told Caleb that he must go back a little way, for by-and-by the tree would fall. So Caleb went back to some distance, and asked Raymond if that was far enough. Raymond said it was, and Caleb then sat down upon a log, with his maple pole in his hands, to watch the progress of the fire.

A dense smoke soon began to pour out of the top of the chimney. The fire roared up through the hollow, and it caught outside too, under the bark, and soon enveloped the whole tree in smoke, sparks, and flame. Large pieces of the blazing bark detached themselves, from time to time, from the side of the tree, and came down, crackling and sparkling, to the ground; and the opening

below, where Caleb had crammed in his fuel, soon glowed like the mouth of a furnace.

Near the top of the tree was an old branch, or rather the stump of an old branch, decayed and blackened, reaching out a little way, like an arm. This was soon enveloped in smoke ; and as Caleb was watching it, as it appeared and disappeared in the wreaths, he thought he saw something move. He looked again, intently. It was a squirrel, — half-suffocated in the smoke, and struggling to hold on. Caleb immediately called out to Raymond as loud as he could call,

“ Raymond, Raymond, come here, quick ; here is a poor squirrel burning up.”

Raymond dropped his axe, and ran, — bounding over the logs and hummocks ; but before he reached the place, the squirrel, unable to hold on any longer, and half stifled with the smoke and scorching heat, dropped from his hold to the ground. Raymond came up at the instant, and seized him ; he brought him to where Caleb was sitting, — Caleb himself eagerly coming forward to see.

“ Is he dead ? ” said Caleb.

“ Pretty much,” said Raymond. The

squirrel lay gasping helplessly in Raymond's hands. "Here, put him in my cap," said Caleb; "that will make a good bed for him, and perhaps he will come to life again."

Raymond examined him pretty carefully, and he did not seem to be burnt. He said he thought he must have been suffocated by breathing the smoke and hot air. Raymond then went back to his work, and Caleb sat upon the log, watching alternately the squirrel and the burning tree.

In a few minutes a great flame flashed out at the top of the tree, in the midst of the smoke, and it blazed up several feet above the top. Caleb no longer wondered why Raymond called it burning out a chimney. Then the limb that the squirrel had retreated to, burned off, and came down; and finally, after about half an hour, the whole trunk, being all in a blaze from top to bottom, began slowly to bend and bend over.

"Raymond," shouted Caleb, — "Raymond, look! — it is going to fall!"

The tall trunk moved at first slowly, but soon more and more rapidly, and finally came

down to the ground with a crash which broke it all to fragments, strowing the ground with blazing embers, and throwing up a high column of sparks, and smoke, and flame.

The crash startled the little squirrel, so that he almost regained his feet ; and Caleb was afraid that he was going to run away. But he laid over again upon his side, and was soon quiet again, as before.

Not long after this, Raymond finished his work, and prepared to go home. He proposed to Caleb that they should leave the squirrel there, upon the log ; but Caleb was very desirous to carry him home, because, he said, if he should get well, he could tame him, and give him to Mary Anna. So Raymond asked how they should contrive to carry him home. Caleb wanted to carry him home in his cap ; but Raymond said that he would take cold by riding home bare-headed. “ However,” said Raymond, “ perhaps I can contrive something.” So he went and got another piece of birch bark from the tree, about six inches wide, and two feet long, and rolled it over, bringing the two ends together, so as to make a sort of round box,—only it was

without top or bottom. To keep it in shape, he tied a string around it.

“But how are you going to keep him in?” asked Caleb.

Raymond said nothing, but he took a handkerchief out of his jacket pocket, and spread it out upon the ground, and put his birch-bark box upon it. He then laid the squirrel gently in upon the handkerchief, which thus served for a bottom. Next, he drew the corners of the handkerchief up over the top, and tied the opposite pairs of ends together. Thus the handkerchief served for top, bottom, and handle.

The squirrel submitted to all this very peaceably, though Caleb thought he was slowly getting better. When all was ready, Caleb took hold of the knot of the handkerchief, and carried his little prisoner, or, perhaps rather, his little patient, gently along. They soon reached the place where they had left the cart; they got into it, and rode on. Caleb held the squirrel in his lap, and of course, as there was nothing but the thin handkerchief for a bottom to the box, Caleb felt the weight of the squirrel, pressing, soft

and warm, upon his knees. The squirrel lay very still until they got very near home, and then Caleb began to feel a creeping sensation, as if he was beginning to move. Caleb was highly delighted to perceive these signs of returning life : he held his knees perfectly still, that he might not disturb him, crying out, however, to Raymond,

“ He’s moving, Raymond ; he’s moving, — he’s moving.”

CHAPTER XI.

MARY ANNA.

CALEB and Raymond reached home about the middle of the afternoon ; and while Raymond went into the yard to leave the cart and turn out the cattle, Caleb pressed eagerly into the house, to show his prize. Mary Anna, or Marianne, as they generally called her, came to meet him, to see what he had got in his hand.

“ Is that my birch bark ? ” said she.

“ There ! I forgot your birch bark,” said Caleb. — “ But I have got something here a great deal better.” And so saying, he put his handkerchief down, and began very eagerly to untie the knots.

When he had got two of the ends untied, and was at work upon the other two, out leaped the squirrel, and ran across the room. Mary Anna, started by the sudden appearance of the animal, ran off to the door, and Caleb began to call out, in great

distress, "O dear! O dear! What shall I do? He'll get away. Shut the door, Mary Anna,—shut the door, quick! Call Raymond; call Raymond."

Mary Anna, at first, retreated outside of the door, and stood there a moment, peeping in. Finding, however, that the squirrel remained very quiet in a corner of the room, she returned softly, and went round, and shut all the doors and windows, and then Caleb went and called Raymond. The squirrel had by no means yet got over his accident, and he allowed himself to be easily retaken and secured. Raymond contrived to fasten him into a box, so as to keep him safe, until next morning; and by that time they thought, if he should then seem likely to get well, they could determine what it was best to do with him.

While Caleb was coming home, there had been a strange mixture of delight and uneasiness in his feelings. The delight was occasioned by the possession of the squirrel. That was obvious enough. The uneasiness he did not think about very distinctly, and did not notice what the cause of it was.

Boys very often feel a sort of uneasiness of mind, — they do not know exactly how or why, — and they have this feeling mingling sometimes strangely with their enjoyment, in their hours of gayety and glee. Now, the real reason of this unquiet state of mind, in Caleb's case, was that his conscience had been disturbed by his feelings of vexation and impatience towards Raymond, for not leaving his work, to come and kindle his fire. He had not *yielded* to those feelings. He had restrained them, and had stood still, and spoken respectfully to Raymond, all the time. In fact, he was hardly aware that he had done any thing wrong, at all. But still, for a moment, selfish passions had had possession of his heart, and whenever they get possession, even if they are kept in subjection, so as not to lead to any bad actions or words, and even if they are very soon driven away by new thoughts, as Caleb's were, by the sight of his blazing fire, — still, they always leave more or less of misery behind. So Caleb, as he was going home, had his heart filled with delight at the thoughts of the squirrel resting warmly in his lap ; and

he was also a prey, in some degree, to a gnawing uneasiness, which he did not understand, but which was really caused by a sting which sin had left there.

And yet Caleb came home with an idea that he had been a very good boy. So, after they had got tired of looking at the squirrel, and Mary Anna had taken her seat at her work by the window, with her little work-table before her, Caleb came up to her, and kneeling upon her cricket, and putting his arms in her lap, he said,

“ Well, Aunt Marianne, I have been a good boy all day to-day, and so I want you to make me a picture-book, this evening.”

Marianne had a way of making picture-books that pleased children very much. The way was this : She used to save all the old, worn-out picture-books, and loose pictures, she could find, and put them carefully in one of her drawers, up stairs. Then she would make a small blank book, of white paper, and sew it through the back. Then she would cut out pictures enough from her old stores to fill the book, leaving the covers blank, because they were to be covered with

some pretty colored paper, for a title. Then she would paste the pictures in. And here, when Mary Anna first began to make such books, an unexpected difficulty arose. For when paper is wet, it swells ; and then, when it dries again, though it shrinks a little, it does not shrink back quite into its original dimensions, — that is, quite to the length and breadth that it had at first. Now, when Mary Anna pasted her pictures to the pages of the book, that part of the leaf which was under the picture was wet by the paste, and so it swelled, while the other part remained dry. And when the picture came to dry, it did not shrink quite back again. It remained swelled a little ; and this caused the page to look warped or puckered, so that the leaves did not lie smooth together.

At length she found out a way to remedy this difficulty entirely ; and this was, to wet the whole of the leaf, as well as that part that the picture was pasted to, and that made it all swell alike. The way she managed the operation was this :

After sewing the book, she would cut out a piece of morocco paper, or blue paper, or

gilt paper, and sometimes a piece of morocco itself, just of the size of the book when open, for the cover. Then, after spreading out a large newspaper upon the table, so as to keep the table clean, she would lay down the cover with the handsome side down, and then spread the paste over the other side, very carefully, with a brush which she made from the end of a quill. Then she would put the back edge of the book down upon this cover, and lay it over, first on one side, and then on the other, and pat it down well with a towel ; and that would make the cover stick to the outside leaves of the book, and cover up and hide the great stitches in the back, by which the leaves had been sewed together. Then she would take the book before her, and begin at the beginning. First, she would lay down the cover, and put upon it a piece of tin, made to file papers with, to keep it down smooth. Then she would lay the next leaf down upon the tin. This leaf was to have the title-page upon it, and so there were to be no pictures pasted to it. She would, therefore, lay this down upon the tin, and then, with one of her large paint brushes,

dipped in water, she would wet it all over, patting it afterwards with a towel, to take up all the superfluous water. Then she would take up the tin, and put the title-leaf down upon the cover, and put the tin over it, to keep it down smooth. The next leaf would be for pictures ; and, after pasting pictures upon it, on both sides, she would lay it down upon the tin, and with her brush she would wet all those parts which had not been pasted. Then patting it with a dry towel, or soft cloth, to dry it as much as possible, she would put it under the tin. In this way, she would go on regularly through the book, pasting pictures upon all the pages, and wetting with her brush all those parts of the paper which had not been wet by the paste, and putting the tin over the leaves as fast as she finished them, to keep them all smooth. Then, when she had got through, she would put the whole away, between two boards, to dry ; the weight of the upper board being sufficient to keep the leaves all smooth.

The next morning, when she came to look at her book, she generally found it nearly dry ; and then she would put some heavy

weight upon the upper board, to press it harder. When it was perfectly dry, she took out the book, and pared off the edges, all around, with a sharp knife, and a rule. Then she would get her paint-box, and color all the pictures beautifully, and make borders about them, in bright colors, and print a handsome title-page with her pen, and write the name of the boy in it whom she meant to give it to.

So Caleb, when he came and told Mary Anna what a good boy he had been, meant to have her make him such a book as this.

“But sometimes boys are mistaken in thinking they have been good boys. I should want to ask Raymond.”

“He would say so, I know,” said Caleb ; “for I certainly did not trouble him at all, all the day.”

“Suppose you run and ask him.”

“Well,” said Caleb ; and away he ran.

“But stop,” said Mary Anna ; “you must not ask him by a *leading* question.”

“What is that ? ” said Caleb.

“Don’t you know ? ” said Mary Anna.

“No,” said Caleb.

“O, that is very important for boys to know; for they very often ask leading questions, when they ought not to. Now, if you go and say, ‘Raymond, haven’t I been a good boy to-day?’ that way of asking the question shows that you want him to say, ‘Yes, you have.’ It is called a leading question, because it leads Raymond to answer in a particular way. Now, if I should go and ask him, thus, ‘*Has* Caleb been a good boy to-day?’ with the emphasis on *has*, it would be a leading question the other way. It would sound as if I wanted him to say you had *not* been a good boy.”

“How must I ask him, then?” said Caleb.

“Why, you can say, ‘Raymond, Aunt Marianne wants to know what sort of a boy I have been to-day.’ That way of putting the question would not lead him one way or the other.”

“Why, he might know,” said Caleb, “that I should want him to say I have been good.”

“Yes, but not from the form of the question. The *question* would not lead him.

He might be led by what he might think, on other accounts, you would wish him to say, to give as favorable an answer as he could; but that would not be your fault. Your question would not lead."

While Mary Anna was saying this, Caleb was standing with his hand upon the latch of the door, ready to go; and when she had finished what she was saying, he started off to find Raymond.

As he passed across the yard, he heard the sound of voices before the house. It was Dwight and David, coming home from school. In a minute, they appeared in view, by the great elm. Dwight had a long, slender pole in his hands, which he was waving in the air, and David had a small piece of wood and a knife. He sat down under the elm, and began to shave the wood with the knife.

Caleb ran to tell them about his squirrel; but before he got there, Dwight, seeing him, began to wave his pole in the air, and shout, and then said, "See what a noble flag-staff we have got."

"Is that your flag-staff?" said Caleb.

“ Yes. John Davis gave it to us. He got it out of his father’s shop. We are going to set it up out at the end of our mole.”

“ Yes,” said David, “ and I am going to make a truck on the top, to haul up the flag by. Marianne is going to make us a flag.”

“ A truck ? ” said Caleb, inquiringly.

“ Yes,” said David ; “ a little wheel to put a string over to hoist it by.”

Caleb looked upon the pole, and upon David’s work, for a minute, in silence, and then said,

“ I have got something better than a flag-staff.”

“ What ? ” asked Dwight.

“ A squirrel.”

“ A squirrel ! ” said Dwight, in surprise.

“ Yes,” said Caleb ; “ a gray squirrel.”

“ Where is he ? ” said David, looking up, eagerly, from his work.

“ In the back room,” said Caleb. “ Raymond put him in a box. — Come, and I will show him to you.”

Down went Dwight’s pole, in a moment ; David, too, shut his knife, and put it in his pocket, and off they went to see the squirrel.

The little nut-cracker was frightened at seeing so many eyes peeping in upon him from every crevice and opening in his box. He looked much brighter and better than he did when he was put into the box, and Caleb thought he would get entirely well. Caleb told the boys the whole story of the fire, and the squirrel's fall, and how Raymond saved him, and tied him up in a box, and how he brought the rogue home in his lap.

"O, I wish I had him," said Dwight.

"I am going to keep him in a cage," said Caleb.

"I wish he was mine," said Dwight. "Why can't you give him to me, Caleb?"

"O no," said Caleb, "I want to keep him."

"You don't know how to take care of him," said Dwight. "Come, you give him to me, and I will give you my flag-staff."

"No," said Caleb, "I don't want any flag-staff. I want to keep the squirrel."

Dwight looked very uneasy and unhappy. He seemed vexed with Caleb, because he would not give him the squirrel. David, on the

other hand, seemed pleased and happy. He was watching the squirrel's little bright eyes, and his long curled tail.

"See, see," said David, "he's creeping along."

"O," said Dwight, "I *wish* he was mine."

"There, he is curling up in the corner."

"Would you give him to me for my top?" said Dwight, very eagerly.

"He's going to eat that kernel of corn," said David.

"I should think you *might* give him to me," said Dwight, pettishly, "for that top; the top is worth a great deal the most."

Thus they went on, David looking on with great interest and pleasure, his countenance and his tones of voice expressive of high enjoyment; but Dwight anxious and uneasy, his brow clouded, his tones fretful and impatient, and his heart filled with miserable feelings. Strange that such totally different effects could be produced by the sight of the same squirrel!

The truth was, that Dwight was all this time disobeying the tenth commandment—

“Thou shalt not covet any thing that is thy neighbor’s.” This does not forbid our desiring any thing that is our neighbor’s; for Mary Anna afterwards desired the squirrel very much, and tried to get it, for hers, as will be narrated presently; —but Dwight *coveted* it. He stood looking upon the squirrel with covetous eyes, making himself miserable, because it was not his, and trying to *extort* it from its proper owner, by teasing him to give it to him, or to sell it to him. This covetousness leads very often to injustice, as it did, in fact, in this case.

For, after a few minutes, Dwight, finding that there was no prospect of inducing Caleb to sell him the squirrel, desisted from his attempts; and then, after a moment’s pause, he said,

“I don’t think it is your squirrel, after all, Caleb.”

“Whose is it, then?”

“Raymond’s. He saved it. The poor thing would have been burnt up, if he had not run and caught it up.”

“No, he wouldn’t,” said Caleb; “I was just going to get him, myself.”

“O, you could not have got him,” replied Dwight; “and, besides, if you had taken him up, you could not have brought him home. You could not have made such a birch-bark box.”

Dwight, having thus decided in his own mind that the squirrel was Raymond's, ran off to find Raymond, with the design of asking him to give the squirrel to him. But Raymond said the squirrel was Caleb's.

“But you caught him,” said Dwight.

“Yes; but I caught him for Caleb, not for myself.”

“And you fixed the box to bring him home in,” said Dwight.

“I know it; but I only did it to please Caleb. The squirrel is his, altogether.”

So Dwight had to return, disappointed. He, however, gradually got over his ill-humor; and after looking at the squirrel as long as they wished to, the boys both went back to their work upon the flag-staff. But the sun was nearly down, and very soon they had to go in to supper.

When Caleb came in, Mary Anna was

putting up her work, and arranging her things neatly in her drawer.

“ Well, Caleb,” said she, “ and what did Raymond say ? ”

“ O, he said it was mine,” replied Caleb.

“ What was yours ? ” said Mary Anna.

“ The squirrel.”

“ The squirrel ! ” repeated Mary Anna ; “ you went to ask him what sort of a boy you had been.”

“ O ! ” said Caleb — “ there ! — I forgot all about that. I’ll run and ask him now.”

“ No, — stop,” said Mary Anna ; “ it is time for supper now ; and besides, I believe I will take your word for it ; you are a pretty honest boy. You say you was a pleasant boy all day.”

“ Yes,” said Caleb ; “ I was.” He had forgotten his *feelings* of ill-humor, when Raymond would not come and light his fire.

“ And you think I ought to make you a picture-book, for a reward.”

“ Yes,” said Caleb ; “ I wish you would.”

“ But I cannot tell how pleasant in mind you have been all day, unless I know what you have had to try you.”

“To try me?” asked Caleb.

“Yes. I want to know what troubles, or difficulties, or disappointments you had to bear, and did bear patiently and pleasantly.”

Caleb looked a little perplexed.

“You know, Caleb,” she continued, “there is no merit in being pleasant unless things go wrong.”

“Isn’t there?” said Caleb.

“Why, no,” said Mary Anna, as she shut up her work-table drawer, “is there?”

She took hold of both of Caleb’s hands, and looking him full in the face, but with a pleasant smile, she added,

“Suppose now you were to take an apple, and carry it out to a boy, going along the street, and give it to him; and he should look pleasant after it; do you think there would be any merit in that?”

“Why, no,” said Caleb, smiling; for he could not help smiling, while yet he was a little disappointed at finding all his fancied goodness melting away.

“Now, did you have a good time in the woods to-day?”

“ Yes,” said he.

“ Did Raymond take good care of you ? ”

“ Yes,” said he.

“ And did you have a good dinner ? ”

“ Yes ; and a noble great fire,” said Caleb.

“ You little rogue, then ! ” said Mary Anna, laughing, and stabbing at his sides with her finger. Here you have been having a beautiful time in the woods, amusing yourself all day, and had every thing to please you ; and now you come to me to pay you for not having been impatient and fretful ! You little rogue ! ”

Caleb turned, and ran laughing away, Mary Anna after him, and pointing at him with her finger. Caleb made his escape into the front entry, and hid behind the door. Mary Anna pretended to have lost sight of him, and not to know where he was ; and she went about, saying,

“ Where is that little rogue ? He came to get away one of my picture-books for nothing. He wanted to be paid for bearing happiness patiently. ‘ The rogue ! I’ll pinch him if I can only find him. He wanted me to reward him for not fretting because he

had his own way. Fine little fellow ! He laughed when he was pleased. He was not peevish and complaining, when he was doing just what he wanted to do. What a wonderful pleasant boy ! ”

So saying, Mary Anna went and peeped behind the door, through the crack at the hinge edge, and Caleb burst into a laugh, scrambled out, and ran away. Mary Anna went and sat down to supper, and soon after Caleb came and took his seat too ; Mary Anna roguishly shaking her finger at him all the time. He had to hold his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud.

Perhaps some of the readers of this book may smile at Caleb's idea of his merit in having been a pleasant boy all day, when he felt vexed and unsubmitive in the only case which brought him any trial ; but it is so with almost all children, and some grown persons too. A great deal of the goodness upon which we all pride ourselves, is only the quiescence of bad propensities in the absence of temptation and trial.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WALK.

OUTSIDE of the window in Madam Rachel's bed-room, where the children used to sit and talk with her just before going to bed, there was a little platform, with a plain roof over it, supported by small square posts, all together forming a sort of portico. Below this window there were two doors, opening from the middle out each way ; so that when the window was raised, and the doors were opened, a person could walk in and out. There were seats in the portico, and there was a wild grape-vine growing upon a plain trellis, on each side. In front of the portico was one of the broad walks of the garden, for on this side the garden extended up to the house. At least there was no fence between, though there was a small plat of green grass next to the house ; and next to that came the trees and flowers.

One pleasant evening, Dwight and Caleb were playing on this grass, waiting for Madam Rachel to come and call them in to the sofa. It was about eight o'clock, but it was not dark. The western sky still looked bright, for though the sun had gone down, so that it could no longer shine upon the trees and houses, it still shone upon the clouds and the atmosphere above, and made them look bright.

Presently Madam Rachel came, and stood at the window.

“Where's David?” said she.

“Out in the garden,” said Dwight; “and, mother,” he continued, “I wish you would walk in the garden to-night.”

What Dwight meant by this was that his mother, instead of taking them into the little bed-room, would walk in the garden with them, and talk with them there. She used to do this sometimes, in pleasant summer evenings. At first, Madam Rachel said she thought she could not very well that evening, for she had a difficult text to talk about; but the boys promised to walk along quietly, and to be very sober and attentive; and so she

went and put on her garden bonnet, and came out.

The garden was not large ; it extended back to some high rocky precipices, where the boys used sometimes to climb up for play. The broad walk, which commenced at the portico, passed all around the garden, running along at the backside, under the foot of the precipice. At the end of the precipice it passed on under the trees of a small orchard, and thence took a short turn in a wood, around a spring of water in a little clump of trees, and thence returned to the garden again ; so that it made quite a long walk. It was wide enough for all four of them to walk together.

“ I am afraid,” said Madam Rachel, as they sauntered slowly along the walk, the children around her, “ that you will not like the verse that I am going to talk with you about this evening, very well, when you first hear it.”

“ What is it, mother ? ” said Dwight.

“ ‘ And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.’ ”

“What does *quicken* mean?” asked David.

“Made alive, or brought to life. *Quick* means *alive*, sometimes ; as for instance, ‘the quick and the dead’ means the living and the dead. And so we say, ‘cut to the quick,’ i. e. cut to the living flesh, where it can feel.”

“Once I read in a fable,” said David, “of a horse being stung to the quick.”

“What, by a hornet?” said Dwight.

“No,” said David, “by something the ass said.”

“O, yes,” said Madam Rachel, “that means it hurt his feelings. If a bee should sting any body so that the sting should only go into the skin, it would not hurt much ; but if it should go in deep, so as to give great pain, we should say it stung to the *quick*, that is, to the part which has life and feeling. So I suppose that something that the ass said, hurt the horse’s feelings.”

“What was it, David, that the ass said?” asked Dwight.

“Why — he said,” answered David, hesitating, — “he said, I believe, that the horse was proud, or something like that.”

“No matter about that fable, now,” said their mother ; “you understand the meaning of the verse. It was written to good men ; it says that God *gave* them life and feeling, when they *were* dead in trespasses and sins. But I must first tell you what *dead* means.”

“O, we know what ‘*dead*’ means, well enough,” said Dwight.

“Perhaps not exactly what it means here,” said Madam Rachel.

“*Dead* means here, *insensible*,”—

“But I don’t know what *insensible* means,” said Caleb.

“I will explain it to you,” said she. “Once there were two boys who quarrelled in the recess at school ; and the teacher decided that for their punishment they should be publicly reproved before all the scholars. So, after school, they were required to stand up in their places, and listen to the reprimand. While they were standing, and the teacher was telling them that they had

done very wrong, — had indulged bad passions, and displeased God, and destroyed their own happiness, and brought disgrace upon the school, — one of them stood up, with a bold and careless air, while the teacher was speaking, and afterwards when he took his seat, looked round to the other scholars and laughed. The other boy hung his head, and seemed very much ashamed ; and as soon as the teacher had finished what he was saying, he sank into his seat, put his head down upon his desk before him, and burst into tears. Now the first one was *insensible*, or as it is called in this text, *dead*, to all sense of shame. The other was *alive* to it. You understand now ? ”

“ Yes, mother,” said the boys.

Here Caleb, seeing a beautiful lily growing in a border, as they were walking by, stopped to gather it. Madam Rachel was afraid that he was not attending to what she was saying.

“ Now, Caleb,” said she, “ that’s a very pretty lily ; but suppose you should go and hold it before Seizem. Do you suppose he would care any thing about it ? ”

Seizem was a great dog that belonged to Madam Rachel.

“No, grandmother,” said Caleb; “I don’t think he would.”

“And suppose you were to go and pat him on his head, and tell him he was a good dog, would he care any thing about that?”

“Yes,” said Dwight; “he would jump up, and wag his tail, and almost laugh.”

“Then you see, boys, that Seizem is ‘*quick*’ and alive to praise; but to beauty of color and form he is insensible, and, as it were, *dead*. The beauty makes no impression upon him at all. He is stupid and lifeless, so far as that is concerned.

“Now, what is meant by men being dead in trespasses and sins is, that they are thus insensible to God’s goodness, and their duty to love and obey him. Suppose, now, I were to go out into the street and find some boys talking harshly and roughly to one another, as boys often do in their plays; and suppose they were boys that I knew, so that it was proper for me to give them advice; — now, if I were to go and tell them that it was the law of God that they should be kind to one

another, and that they ought to be so, and thus obey and please him, what effect do you think it would have ? ”

“ They would not mind it very much,” said David.

“ I expect that they would laugh,” said Dwight.

“ I don’t think that they would mind it much myself. Each one wants to have his own way, and to seek his own pleasures, and they do not see the excellence of obeying and pleasing God at all. It seems to me a very excellent thing for boys to try to please God ; but I know very well that most boys care no more about it than Seizem would for your lily, Caleb. In respect to God they are insensible and dead ;—dead in trespasses and sins, and the only hope for them is, that God will *quicken* them ; that is, give them *life* and *feeling* ; and then, if I say just the same things to them, they will listen seriously and attentively, and will really desire to please God. As it is now with almost all boys, they are so insensible and dead to all sense of regard to God, that when we want to influence them to do their duty, we must

appeal to some other motive ; something that they have more sensibility to.

“ For example, you remember the other day when you went a strawberrying with Mary Anna.”

“ Yes,” said Dwight.

“ Now, I recollect that I thought there was great danger that you might be troublesome to Mary Anna, or to some others of the party ; and I wanted to say something to you before you went, to make you a good boy. The highest and best motive would have been for me to say, ‘ Now, Dwight, remember and do what is *right* to-day. The trees and fields, and pleasant sunshine ; the flowers and the strawberries ; your own health and strength, and joyous feelings, all come from God : the whole scene that you are going to enjoy to-day, he has contrived for you, and now he will watch over you all the time, and be pleased if he sees you careful and conscientious in doing right all day. Now, be a good boy, for the sake of pleasing him.’ Suppose I had said that to you, do you think it would have made you a good boy ? ”

Dwight held down his head, and said, hesitatingly, that he did not think it would.

“That motive would have been piety. If a boy takes pains to do what is right, and avoid what is wrong, because he is grateful to God, and wishes to please him, it is piety. But I was afraid that that would not have much influence with you, and so I tried to think of some other motive. I thought of filial affection next.”

“What is that?” said Caleb.

“Filial affection is a boy’s love for his father or mother,” replied Madam Rachel. “I said to myself, How will it do to appeal to Dwight’s filial affection to-day? I can say to him, ‘Now, Dwight, be a good boy to-day to please me. I shall be very happy to-night if Mary Anna comes home and says that you have been kind, and gentle, and yielding all day.’ But then, on reflection, I thought that *that* motive would not be quite powerful enough. I knew you had at least some desire to please me, but I had some doubt whether it would be enough to carry you through all the temptations of the whole day.

So I concluded not to appeal to your filial affection. Do you recollect what I did say to you, Dwight ? ”

“ Yes, mother,” replied Dwight, “ you told me just before I went away, that if I was a good, pleasant boy, Mary Anna would want to take me again some day.”

“ Yes ; and what principle in your heart was that appealing to ? ”

Dwight did not answer. David said, “ Selfishness.”

“ Yes,” said his mother ; “ or rather not selfishness, but self-love. Selfishness means not only a desire for our own happiness, but injustice towards others, or at least improper disregard of the rights and happiness of others. It would have been wrong for me to have appealed to Dwight’s selfishness, as that would have been encouraging a bad passion ; but it was right for me to appeal to his self-love, that is, to show him how his own future enjoyment would depend upon his being a good boy that day.

“ Now, Dwight, do you think that what I said had any influence over you that day ? ”

“ Yes, mother,” said Dwight, “ I think it did. I thought of it a good many times.”

“ Would it have had as much influence if I had asked you to be a good boy only to please me ? ”

Dwight acknowledged that he did not think it would.

“ Do you think it would have had as much influence if I had asked you to do right to please God ? ”

“ No, mother,” said Dwight.

“ Do you think that would have had *any* influence at all ? ”

Dwight seemed at a loss, and said he didn't know.

“ Do *you* think it would ? ” said Caleb.

“ Why, yes,” said Madam Rachel, though she spoke in rather a doubtful tone. “ I rather think it would have had some influence — not much, but *some*. He would not have thought of it very often, but still, I rather think, at least I *hope*, that Dwight has *some* desire to please God, and that it now and then influences him a little. And that is what encourages me to talk to him and to

you ; for if he has any love to God at all, such a conversation as this will increase it, and bring him more under its influence. But in boys generally, I don't think that such a motive would have any influence at all."

"Not any at all?" said David.

"Why, you can judge for yourself. Do you suppose that the boys at school, and those that you meet in the street, are influenced in their conduct every day, by any desire to please God?"

"Why, nobody tells them," said Dwight.

"O, yes, they have been told over and over again, at church, and in the Sabbath school, till they are tired of hearing it."

The boys were silent, and the whole party walked along very slowly, for several steps ; and then David said that he thought that though the boys were pretty bad, he did not think they were quite so bad as they would be, if they did not hear any thing about God. He said it seemed to him that it had some influence upon them.

"O, yes," said Madam Rachel, "I have no doubt that what is said to them about their duty to God has a very important influ-

ence over them in various ways. A good many children are more or less afraid to disobey any of God's very plain commands ; but this is not *loving* him. Then, again, if I should see two boys quarrelling in the street, and should go out and tell them that it was very wrong, and that God would be much displeased with them, it is not improbable that they would stop quarrelling and go away ; but it would be from the effect of my reproof, considered only as a reproof, — or of the self-condemning voice of conscience, which I should awaken, — or of their respect for me. There would not probably be any real feelings of love to God, grief for having displeased him, and a desire to do his will, awakened. Do you think there would be ? ”

The boys both thought there would not be.

“ Religious instruction,” said Madam Rachel, “ produces a great many good effects upon the conduct of boys and men, even where it does not awaken any genuine love for God, and honest desire to please him. That is a peculiar feeling. I will tell you.”

So saying, Madam Rachel paused, and seemed a moment to be lost in thought. The whole party had by this time gone almost the whole round of the walk, and were now slowly sauntering towards the house, and as Madam Rachel said those last words, they were just passing along by the side of the rocky declivity at the back of the garden. Madam Rachel looked up upon the rocks, and saw a beautiful little blue-bell growing there in a crevice, and hanging over at the top.

“What a beautiful blue-bell there is!” said she.

“Where?” said the boys, looking around.

“There,” said she, “just by the side of that little fir-tree. How Mary Anna would admire it!”

“I’ll climb up and get it for her,” said Dwight. “I’ll have it in a minute.”

He dropped his mother’s hand, and began scrambling up the rocks. They were jagged and irregular fragments, with bushes and trees among them, and Dwight, who was a very expert climber, soon had the blue-bell

in his hand, and was coming down, delighted with his prize. He brought the leaves of the plant with it, and it was in fact an elegant little flower.

“Now, Dwight,” said Madam Rachel, as they walked along again, Dwight holding his flower very carefully in his hand, “notice the feeling you have towards Mary Anna, which led you to go and get that flower. It was not fear of her, — it was not hope of getting any reward from her, I suppose.”

“No, indeed, mother,” said Dwight.

“It was simply a desire to give her pleasure. When you go in, you will take a pleasure yourself in going to her, and gratifying her with the present. Now, do you suppose that boys generally have any such feeling as that towards God?”

“No, mother,” said David, “I don’t think they have.”

“Nor do I. They are *dead* to all such feelings. They take no pleasure in pleasing God. They don’t like to think of him or hear about him, and I don’t see that they show any signs of having any *love* for him at all.”

“ But you said you thought that Dwight did, a little,” said David.

“ Yes ; but that is because I hope God has begun to *quicken* him, as this text calls it, — that is, that he has begun to awaken this love in him, in some very small degree. I am not *sure* that he has ; but I *hope* he has done this in Dwight, and in you, and in Caleb. I think, in watching you, that sometimes I perceive some small signs of feelings of gratitude and love to God in your hearts, and an honest desire to please him. If it is so, it is all because God has begun to change your hearts, and implant a principle which is not naturally there ; for I can remember when you showed no signs of these feelings ; so that you were once as dead in trespasses and sins as all other boys, even if you are not now.”

They walked along, after this, silently. Dwight saw how destitute of love to God his heart had been, and still was ; and yet he could not help thinking that he did sometimes feel a little grateful to God for all his kindness and care ; and at least some faint desires to please him.

It was nearly dark when they arrived at the house ; and Dwight asked his mother to let him run and give Mary Anna her blue-bell. She was very much pleased with it indeed. She arranged it and the leaves that Dwight brought with it, so as to give the whole group a graceful form, and put it in water, saying she meant to rise early the next morning and paint it. Dwight determined that he would get up too and see her do it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JUNK.

A FEW days after this, when David and Dwight were at work one evening upon their mole, and Caleb was playing near, sometimes helping a little and sometimes looking on, Mary Anna came down to see them. They had nearly finished the stone-work, and were trying to contrive some way to fasten up their flag-staff at the end.

“We can’t drive the flag-staff down into our mole,” said Dwight, looking up with an anxious and perplexed expression to Mary Anna, “for it is all stony.”

“Couldn’t you drive it down into the bottom of the brook, and then build your mole up all around it?” said Mary Anna.

“No,” said Dwight, “the bottom of the brook is stony too.”

“It looks sandy,” said Mary Anna, looking down through the water to the bottom of the brook.

“No, it is very hard and stony under the sand, and we cannot drive any thing down at all.”

“Well,” said Mary Anna, “go on with your work, and I will sit down upon the bank and consider what you can do.”

After some time, Mary Anna proposed that the boys should go up to the wood-pile and get a short log of wood which had one end sawed off square, and roll it down to the mole. Then that they should dig out a little hole in the bottom of the brook with a hoe, so deep that, when they put in the log, the upper end would be a little above the surface of the mole. Then she said they might put in the log, with the sawed end uppermost, and while one boy held it steady, the other might throw in stones and sand all around it, till it was secure in its place. Then they could build the mole a little beyond it; and thus there would be a solid wooden block, firmly fixed in the end of the mole.

“But how shall we fasten our flag-staff to it?” said David.

“Why, you must get an auger, and bore a hole down in the middle of it, and make the

end of your flag-staff round, so that it will just fit in."

The boys thought this an excellent plan, and went off after the log. While they were gone, Mary Anna asked Caleb if he had fed his squirrel that evening, and Caleb said he had not.

"Hadn't you better go now and feed him, before it is too dark?"

"Why, no," said Caleb, "I don't want to go now; besides, I am going to let Dwight feed him to-night. I promised Dwight that I would let him feed him sometimes."

The truth was that Caleb wanted to stay and see the boys fix their log. He had had his squirrel now several days, and had lost his interest in him, as boys generally do in any new plaything, after they have had it a few days. And now, when he did not care any thing about his squirrel, and did not want the trouble of feeding him, he was going to let Dwight do it, under pretence of performing his promise to do Dwight a favor. Although all this is very plain to us, yet Caleb did not understand it so himself. He was really, under this show of generosity and

faithful performance of his promise, only gratifying his own selfish desires; but he did not see it himself. The heart is not only selfish and sinful, but it is deceitful; it even deceives itself.

So, presently, when Caleb saw David and Dwight rolling the log down from the house, he ran off to meet them, and said,

“Dwight, you may feed my squirrel to-night, and I will help David roll down the log.”

Dwight looked up with an air of indifference, and said he did not want to feed the squirrel that night.

Caleb was quite surprised at this answer; and he walked along by the side of Dwight and David towards the mole, as they rolled the log along, scarcely knowing what to do. He did not want to leave the poor squirrel without his supper; and, on the other hand, he did not want to go away from the mole. Mary Anna saw his perplexity, and she understood the reason of it.

Now, it happened that Mary Anna had been forming a very curious plan about the squirrel, from the very day when he was brought

home; though she had not yet said any thing to the boys about it. To carry her plan into execution, it was necessary that the squirrel should be hers; and she resolved from the beginning, that, as soon as a convenient opportunity should offer, she would try to buy him. She did not attempt to do this at first, because she knew that when boys first get a squirrel, or any thing of the kind, they are always so much pleased and interested that they will not part with it on any account. But then she also knew that after a few days they generally got tired of such a thing, especially if they had any trouble in feeding and taking care of him, and if they had other things to interest and occupy them. She determined therefore to wait quietly until she saw some signs of Caleb's being tired of his squirrel, and then she determined to buy him.

She did not suppose that Caleb would have got tired of the care of his squirrel quite so soon as this; but when she found that he had, she thought that the time had arrived for her to attempt to make the purchase. So when Caleb came back to the mole, she said,

“Caleb, I have a great mind to go and feed your squirrel for you, if you want to stay here and help the boys make the mole. In fact, I should like to buy him of you, if you would like to sell him.”

“Well,” said Caleb, “what will you give me for him?”

“Let me see — what can I make you?” And Mary Anna tried to think what she could make Caleb that he would like as well as the squirrel. She proposed first a new picture-book, and then a flag, and next her monthly rose; and, finally, she said she would make him something or other, and let him see it, and then he could tell whether he would give her his squirrel for it or not.

“I shall, I know,” said Caleb; “for I can see him just as well if he is yours as I can if he is mine.”

“But perhaps I shall let him go,” said Mary Anna.

“O no,” said Caleb, “you must not let him go.”

“If I buy him of you,” replied Mary Anna, “he will be mine entirely, and I must do whatever I please with him.”

“ O, but I shall make you promise not to let him go,” said Caleb, “ or else I shall not want to sell him to you.”

“ Very well,” said Mary Anna ; “ though you can tell better when you see what I am going to make for you.”

Mary Anna then went up to the house and fed the squirrel, and as it began to grow dark pretty soon after that, the boys themselves soon came up. She asked David if he would make her a mast, and also a small block of wood for a step.

“ A step ! ” said David ; “ a step for what ? ”

“ A step for the mast,” said Mary Anna.

“ What is a step for a mast ? ”

“ It is a block, with a hole in it for the lower end of the mast to fit into,” said Mary Anna.

“ Do they call it a step ? ” said David.

“ Yes,” said Mary Anna ; “ I read about it in a book where I learned about rigging. Any little block will do.”

So David went out into a little shop which there was in a corner of the shed, and soon shaved out a smooth, round mast, and then took up a little block of wood, and, with a

curious tool called a *bit*, he bored a small hole in the middle of it, just big enough to admit the foot of the mast. He then carried them to Mary Anna, and she charged him not to tell Caleb what he had been doing.

David's curiosity was very much excited, and he begged Mary Anna to tell him what she was going to make.

"Well," said Mary Anna, "if you will keep the secret."

"Yes," said David, "I will."

"A Chinese junk," said Mary Anna.

"A Chinese junk!" said David, with surprise and delight.

"Yes; now run along to mother."

So David went, and Mary Anna began to think of her work. She happened to have recollected that there was in the garret an old bread-tray, of japanned ware, which had been worn out and thrown aside, and was now good for nothing; and yet it was whole, and Mary Anna thought it would make a good boat. As, however, it was not shaped very much like a boat, she thought she would call it a Chinese junk, which is a clumsy kind of vessel, built by the Chinese. Ac-

cordingly, after the boys had gone to bed, she got all her materials together ; — the old bread-tray for the hull of the junk, some fine twine for the rigging, David's mast and step, and a piece of birch bark, which she thought would represent very well the mats of which the Chinese make their sails. She carried all these things to her room, so as to have them all ready for her to go to work upon the vessel very early the next morning.

And early the next morning she did go to work. First, she went down to the fire in the kitchen, and heated the bottom of the block which was to serve for a step for the mast, and then melting the end of a stick of sealing-wax in the lamp, she covered the bottom of the block with the sealing-wax. She then heated this sealing-wax until it was just ready to drop, and then pressed it down hard into the bottom of the bread-tray, which she had also heated. As soon as it had cooled, the step was found firmly cemented to the bottom of the ship, and the mast could then easily be inserted into the hole which was upon the upper side.

She then fixed the shrouds to the top of the mast, and fastened the lower ends to a sort of open work which formed the upper edge of the tray, on each side ; and also made a sail out of her birch bark, and she attached streamers and flags made of colored silk to the mast head. She also contrived a very respectable rudder and an anchor ; and on the whole, the craft, when finished, if it was not built exactly after the model of a real Chinese junk, would sail about as well, and was as gay. She got it all done before breakfast, and carried it down and hid it under some bushes near the mole.

Then, after breakfast, she took the boys all down, and told Caleb that she was ready to make him an offer for his squirrel. She then went to the bushes, and taking out the junk, she went to the mole, and carrying it out to the end, she gently set it down into the water. The boys looked on in great delight, as the junk wheeled slowly around in the great circles of the whirlpool. She showed Caleb how he could load it, and how much it would hold ; but then she told him that he

must be very careful and not load it too deep, so as to let the water in, for if it should fill with water, it would certainly sink.

Caleb was very much pleased with the junk, and consented to give Mary Anna the squirrel for it. She advised him to tie a long thread to it, and keep one end of the thread in his hand, and then he could keep it under his command, and pull it in to the shore whenever he pleased.

Caleb hesitated a good deal before he finally decided to give Mary Anna his squirrel, and he tried to stipulate with her, that is, make her agree, that she would not let him go; but Mary Anna would not make any such agreement. She said that if she had the little fellow at all, she must have him for her own, without any condition whatever; and Caleb, at length, finding the elegance of the Chinese junk irresistible, decided to make the trade. Mary Anna accordingly put the junk into his possession, and went back to the house.

And now for Mary Anna's plan. She liked to see the squirrel very much; she admired his graceful movements, his beautiful

gray color, and his bushy tail curled over his back, like a plume. But then she did not like to have him a prisoner. She knew that he must love a life of freedom, — rambling among the trees, climbing up to the topmost branches, and leaping from limb to limb ; and it was painful to her to think of his being shut up in a cage. And yet she did not like to let him go, for then she knew that in all probability he would run off to the woods, and she should see him no more.

When thinking upon the subject a day or two before, she had ingeniously hit upon a plan, which she thought might possibly help her out of her difficulty entirely. It happened that one limb of the great elm before the house was hollow for a considerable distance up from the trunk of the tree, and there was a hole leading into this hollow limb at the crotch, where the limb grew out from the tree. She thought that this would make a fine house for the squirrel, if he could only be induced to think so himself and live there. It occurred to her that she might put him in, and fasten up the hole with wires for a time, like a cage ; and she thought that if

she kept him shut up there, and fed him there with plenty of nuts and corn, for a week or two, he would gradually forget his old home in the woods, and get wonted to his new one.

After thinking of several ways of fastening up the mouth of the hole, she concluded finally upon the following plan. She got some small nails, and drove them in pretty near together on each side of the hole, and then she took a long piece of fine wire, and passed it across from one to the other, in such a manner as to cover the mouth of the hole with a sort of net-work of wire. She then got Raymond to put the squirrel in, through a place which she left open for that purpose, and then she closed this place up like the rest, with the wires. The squirrel ran up into the limb, and disappeared.

When the boys came and saw the ingenious cage which Mary Anna had contrived, they thought it was an excellent plan ; and they asked her if she was not afraid that, when she opened the cage door, he would run off into the woods again. She said she was very much afraid that he would, but that

still there was a possibility that he might stay ; and, if he should, she should often see him from her window, running about the tree, and she should take so much more pleasure in that than in seeing him shut up in a cage, that she thought she should prefer to take the risk. She made the boys promise not to go to the hole, for fear they might frighten him, and she said she meant to feed him herself every day, with nuts and corn, and try to get him tame before she took away the wires.

The children felt a great deal of curiosity to see whether the squirrel would stay in the tree or run away, when Mary Anna should open his cage door ; and after a few days, they were eager to have her try the experiment. But she said, no. She wished to let him have full time to become well accustomed to his new home. She fed him with nuts and corn every day, and she charged the boys never to go to the tree, because she did not wish to have him frightened at all.

Mary Anna generally went early in the morning to feed the squirrel, — before the boys were up. Then she fed him again after

they had gone to school, and also just before they came home at night. She knew that if she fed him when they were at home, they would want to go with her ; and it would frighten the squirrel to see so many strange faces, — even if the boys should try to be as still as possible.

One evening, Mary Anna and the boys were down near the mole, and were talking about the squirrel. David and Dwight were sailing their boats, and Mary Anna was sitting with Caleb upon a bench which David had made for his mother, close to the shore. Caleb's junk was upon the ground by his side. Caleb asked Mary Anna when she was going to let her squirrel out.

“ O, I don't know,” said she ; “ perhaps in a week more.”

“ A week ! ” said Dwight, pushing his boat off from the shore ; “ I wouldn't wait so long as that.”

“ Why, when I first had him, you wanted to have me keep him in a cage all the time.”

“ I know it,” said Dwight ; “ but now I want to see whether he will run away.”

“ I would not try yet,” said David — “ but

you'd better have a name for him, Marianne."

"I have got a name for him," said she.

"What is it?" said Dwight, eagerly.

"Mungo."

"Mungo!" repeated Dwight; "I don't think that is a very good name. What made you think of that name?"

"O, I heard of a traveller once, named Mungo. The whole of his name was Mungo Park; but I thought Mungo was enough for my squirrel."

"*He* has not been much of a traveller," said Dwight.

"O, yes," replied Mary Anna, "I think it probable he has travelled about the woods a great deal."

"Did Mungo Park travel in the woods?"

"Yes, in Africa. I think Mungo knows his name too," said Mary Anna.

"Do you?" said Dwight. "Why?"

"Why, whenever I go to feed him," said Mary Anna, "I call Mungo! Mungo! and then drop my nuts and corn down through the wires into his hole. And now he begins to come down when he hears my voice, and the

little rogue catches up a nut, and runs off with it."

"Does he?" said Caleb. "O, I wish you would let him out. I don't believe he would run away."

"Not just yet," said Mary Anna.

"But if you don't let him out pretty soon, I shall be gone," said Caleb; "for I am going to Boston, you know, next week."

"So you are," said Mary Anna; "I forgot that."

Caleb's father and mother were coming up from Boston that week, and they had written something about taking Caleb back with them, when they returned. Caleb was much pleased with this idea. He liked living in the country better than living in Boston; but still, he was very much pleased at the thought of seeing his father and mother, and his little sister, at home. He also liked riding, and was very glad of the opportunity to ride several days in the carryall, upon the front seat with his father. He expected that his father would let him have the whip and reins pretty often to drive.

"It is not certain, however," continued

Mary Anna, "that you will go to Boston this summer. Mother said that perhaps you would not go until the fall, and then perhaps she would go with you, and bring you back to stay here through the winter."

"But I don't want to stay here in the *winter*," said Caleb.

"Why not?" said Mary Anna.

"O, it is so cold and snowy; — we can't play any."

"That's a great mistake," said Dwight; "we have fine times in the winter."

"Why, what can you do?"

"O, a great many things; last winter we dug out a house in a great snow-drift under the rocks, and played in it a good deal."

"But it must be very cold in a snow-house," said Caleb.

"O, we had a fire."

"A fire?" said Caleb.

"Certainly," said Dwight. "We put some large stones for a fire-place, and let the smoke go out at the top."

"But then it would melt your house down."

"It did melt it a little around the sides,

and so made it grow larger : but it did not melt it down. We had some good boards for seats, and we could stay in there in the cold days."

"Yes," said Mary Anna, "I remember I went in one cold, windy day, and I found you boys all snugly stowed in your snow-house, warm and comfortable, by a good blazing fire."

"Once we made some candy in our snow-house," said David.

"Did you?" said Caleb.

"Yes," said David; "Mary Anna proposed the plan, and got mother to give us the molasses in a little kettle, and we put it upon three stones in our snow-house, and we boiled it all one Wednesday afternoon, and when it was done, we poured it out upon the snow. It was capital candy."

"I should like to see a snow-house," said Caleb, "very much."

"Then should not you like to stay here next winter? and then we can make one," said David.

"Perhaps I could make one in Boston," said Caleb.

“Ho!” said Dwight, with a tone of contempt, “*you* couldn’t make a snow-house.”

“But there are enough other boys in Boston to help me,” said Caleb.

“There is not any good place,” said Mary Anna, in a mild and pleasant tone. “There is only a very small yard, and that is full of wood piles.”

“I can make it on the Common,” said Caleb. “The Common is large enough, I can tell you.”

Here Dwight suddenly called out in a tone of great eagerness and delight, to look off to a little bush near them, to which he pointed with his finger.

“See! see! there is a squirrel! — a large gray squirrel!”

“Where?” said Caleb, “where? I don’t see him.”

“Hush!” said Mary Anna, in a low tone: “all keep perfectly still. I’ll show him to you, Caleb. There, creeping along the branch.”

“I see him,” said David. “Let us catch him, and put him in with Mungo.”

"I'm afraid it is Mungo," said Mary Anna.

"Mungo!" said Dwight, with surprise.

"Yes," said Mary Anna, "it looks like him. I am afraid he has got out of some hole, and is going away. Sit still, and we will see what he will do."

"O, no," said Dwight, "I will go and catch him."

"No, by no means," said Mary Anna, holding Dwight back; "let us see what he will do."

It was Mungo. He had gnawed himself a hole, and escaped from his prison.

He did not however seem disposed to go away very fast. He came down from the bush, and crept along upon the ground towards the brook, and then finding that he could not get across very well, he run about the grass a little while, and then went back by degrees to the tree. He climbed up to the great branch, played a minute or two about the grating over the hole, and then ran along out to the end of the branch, the children watching him all the time, and walking slowly along up towards the tree.

"I'll go and get him some corn," said

Mary Anna, "and see if he will not come down for it to his hole, when I call him. You stand here perfectly still, till I come back."

So she went in, and got a nut instead of corn, and put it down by the hole, calling "Mungo!" "Mungo!" as usual. The squirrel came creeping down the branch, and Mary Anna left the nut upon the grating, and went away. He crept down cautiously, seized the nut, stuffed it into his cheek, and ran off to one of the topmost branches; and there standing up upon his hind legs, and holding his nut in his fore-paws, he began gnawing the shell, watching the children all the time.

The next morning, Mary Anna tore off the netting, and the squirrel lived in the tree a long while. Caleb, however, saw but little more of him at this time, for he went to Boston the next week with his father. What befel him there may perhaps be described in another book, to be called "CALEB IN TOWN."

C A L E B I N T O W N .

A

STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

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THE object of this little work, and of others of its family, which may perhaps follow, is, like that of the "Rollo Books," to furnish useful and instructive reading to young children. The aim is not so directly to communicate knowledge, as it is to develop the moral and intellectual powers,—to cultivate habits of discrimination and correct reasoning, and to establish sound principles of moral conduct. The Rollo books embrace principally intellectual and moral discipline: Caleb, and the others of its family, will include also *religious* training, according to the evangelical views of

Christian truth which the author has been accustomed to entertain, and which he has inculcated in his more serious writings.

J. A.

ROXBURY, *June*, 1839.

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CALEB IN TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILL-DAM.

ONE afternoon in October, a carryall was coming along one of the great roads leading into Boston. There was a gentleman and a lady upon the front seat of the carryall. On the back seat there was a beautiful and happy-looking girl, about seventeen years of age, at one side, and a bright-eyed boy on the other, who appeared to be about twelve. A much smaller boy, of a mild and gentle expression of countenance, sat between them. This boy in the middle was Caleb. He was coming back to Boston, after having spent the summer with his grandmother, Madam Rachel, in the country. The lady and gentleman on the front seat were his father and mother.

The curtains of the carryall were up all around.

“There, Dwight,” said Caleb, pointing out, “there, that is the State-House.”

It was a distant dome crowning the summit of a hill as far as they could see before them.

“It is not,” said Dwight.

“Yes, it is,” said Caleb. “Don’t you suppose I know the State-House? We live right before it.”

Dwight was one of those boys who often contradict what other children say, without any very good reason; and so they get into constant disputes. He appealed to Caleb’s father, who sat before him, to prove that Caleb was wrong.

“Is that the State-House, brother George?” said he.

The gentleman looked out, and said it was.

“There, I told you so,” said Caleb. — Caleb ought not to have said that. It is wrong to triumph over any one, when they are proved to be mistaken.

“Well, I am sure I thought the famous

State-House was bigger than that," said Dwight.

The boys rode on a few minutes in silence, when Caleb presently resumed the conversation by saying,

"What makes you always call my father brother George, Dwight?"

"Why, what *should* I call him?" said Dwight.

"Call him Uncle George."

"Why, he is not my uncle; he is my brother. I am *your* uncle."

"*My* uncle! O, ho," said Caleb, "that is droll enough."

"I am," said Dwight, very seriously. "I certainly am. A'n't I, Mary Anne?"

Mary Anna had not been listening to the conversation, but had been looking out of the window, attending to her own thoughts, and enjoying the beauties of the scenery.

"A'n't you what?" said she.

"A'n't I Caleb's uncle?"

"Yes," said she, "certainly; brother George is your brother and Caleb's father; of course you are his uncle."

Caleb could not think of calling in question

Mary Anna's authority, and so he simply said to himself, laughing at the idea,

“ O, what a little uncle ! ”

They rode on in this manner for some time, until at last they came to a village, where there was a great hotel. They stopped at the door of the hotel, and a man came and stood at the horse's head while they all got out. They went into a back parlor, where, after a little time, they took tea, though it was early ; and just before the sun went down, they got into the carryall again. But now it was growing pretty cool, and so they had the curtains put down all around, and Caleb's mother and Mary Anna sat upon the back seat, while his father took the two boys upon the front seat, upon one side of him.

They were now drawing pretty near the city ; and as they trotted along the smooth and wide road, they passed rapidly by handsome country-seats and pleasant villages ; and they had an occasional view of the city, five or six miles distant, ranges of buildings rising one above another upon the sides of Beacon Hill, and the dome of the State-House crowning the summit.

As they went on, the boys observed that the number of carriages and vehicles of all sorts continually increased as they approached the city.

"The carts are all coming out, and the carriages all going in," said Dwight.

"Yes," said Mary Anna ; "that is because the carriages belong in the city ; and they are going home, because night is coming. But the carts and wagons are going out into the country with their loads. Brother George," she continued, "how long will it be before we get into Boston ?"

"About an hour," he replied.

"Why can't you tell us something about Boston, then, as we are riding along ? As you are a Boston merchant, I suppose you can tell us all about it."

"Very well," replied the merchant, "I will give you a lecture upon Boston, to beguile the time."

"Well," said Dwight, with a tone of great satisfaction.

"In the first place," said the merchant, "do any of you know what causes people to collect together in great cities ?"

Mary Anna said she did not.

“A city,” said the merchant, “in modern times, is *essentially* nothing but a great collection of people about a landing-place.’”

“A landing-place?” said Dwight.

“Yes,” said the merchant. “You see, different things grow in different countries, and they carry them from one to another in ships; and so, whenever there is a little bay in the land, with deep water inside, so that ships can come up close to the shore and unload, there people collect in great numbers; and that makes a city.”

“I should not think it would take all the people in Boston to unload the ships,” said Caleb.

“No, it does not,” said his father; “there must be a great many persons to make the rigging and sails, and to fit out the ships; and carpenters and masons to build wharves and warehouses, to store the goods in; and cartmen to cart the goods about the city; and then all these people must be fed and clothed, and so there must be stores for them to buy what they want in, and storekeepers, and more carpenters and masons to build their

stores and houses. Then the people come in from the country to buy the goods which come in in the ships, and they send the wag-
oners in, to take the goods away, and so there must be hotels and stables for horses, and stages for people coming and going. Then a great deal of money is wanted, and so there must be banks to lend the merchants money, when they have not enough, and to keep their money for them safely, when they have more than they want; and courts and lawyers, too, to settle the disputes, and physicians to visit the people when they are sick, &c. &c. So, you see, a great many different kinds of people are brought together, and all because there happens to be a little bay with deep water in it, so that ships can come in safely and unload."

They went on talking about the constitution of a city in this way, for some time. Gradually it began to grow dark. Lights appeared at the windows of the houses. Stars came out faintly, one by one, all over the sky. At last, after riding for some little time in silence, Dwight called out in a tone of great, surprise,

“O Caleb, Caleb, what is that? — see that very long row of lights. There are two rows. What is it?”

“That!” said Caleb; “O, that is the mill-dam.”

“Mill-dam!” said Dwight, in an incredulous tone. He thought Caleb was fooling him.

“Yes, it is the mill-dam. We are pretty near Boston, I know by that.”

“It isn’t any mill-dam at all,” said Dwight, “I know. Is it, brother George?”

The merchant had been riding then, for a few minutes in silence, thinking of his own affairs; but now he turned to Dwight and said,

“What did you ask?”

“Isn’t that the mill-dam?” said Caleb.

“Yes; those are the lights on the mill-dam.”

“There!” said Caleb. And at the same instant, “O!” said Dwight, “the *lights* on the mill-dam. They may be the lights on the mill-dam; but I knew they could not be the mill-dam itself.”

Caleb was about to make a sharp reply, which would have continued the dispute,

when he recollected that his grandmother, Madam Rachel, had taught him that whenever he found conversation tending to a dispute, his duty was to be silent. "It takes two to make a dispute," she used to say; "and so if you can by any means keep one tongue still, the other must stop too."

So Caleb just said "Very well," and let the matter drop.

The lights increased and multiplied, as they rode along and brought Boston more and more into view. They could not see any of the buildings, for it was now quite dark; but there was a vast constellation of bright stars spread out all before them, across the back bay, with the long rows of lights upon the mill-dam leading towards it, like an avenue of stars. Presently, other long ranges of lights came into view.

"O Caleb," said Dwight, "what are those? more mill-dams?"

"No," said Caleb, "those are bridges."

"Bridges?" said Dwight; "well, there is some sense in lighting bridges; but who ever heard of lighting up a mill-dam? Is it for

the sake of the fishes, or to light the water through the gate ? ”

If Dwight had said this playfully, and in good nature, it would have been very well ; but he spoke in a disputing and captious tone ; for he was a little out of humor with Caleb, because he had himself been in the wrong about the mill-dam. People are more apt to be out of humor when they have done something wrong themselves, than when other people have done wrong to them. Caleb, perceiving that he was not in a pleasant mood, said nothing. He rode along in silence, a few minutes, admiring the splendid display which was spread out before them.

“ How many bridges ! ” said Dwight, at length. “ Which one shall we go over, Caleb ? ”

“ O, we are going over the mill-dam,” said Caleb.

“ Over the mill-dam ! That’s a pretty story,” said Dwight, punching Caleb a little with his thumb. “ You don’t expect me to believe that.”

“ Yes, certainly ; a’n’t we, father ? ” said

Caleb, appealing to the merchant, for the correctness of his information.

“Yes,” replied his father.

“O George,” said Dwight, “what a story!—Well, Mary Anna,” he continued, looking around towards the back seat, “I hope you can swim. You’d better get out your life-preserver, if you have got one, for we’re all going over the dam together.”

Dwight laughed at his own wit, and in fact laughed himself into good humor by it, and in a few minutes they came upon the mill-dam. Dwight found to his surprise that it was a great bridge. He asked Caleb why it was called a mill-dam; but Caleb did not know. His brother George then told him that it was not like other bridges, open below for the water to pass; but it was built up solid from the bottom, so as to stop the water; and Caleb saw, by looking out upon each side, that the water was higher on one side than upon the other. The lights were placed along upon the sides of the road, at equal distances, and they shone upon the road, and also upon the water. They were all in square glass boxes or lanterns, so that the wind could

not blow them out. As the carryall rode along, the light gleamed in, first on one side, and then upon the other, making the shadow of the horse assume all manner of monstrous shapes, and always just after they passed a light, the shadow of the horse's head and neck would stretch out before, faster and faster, until it became enormous, and was lost and confounded in the darkness.

Presently they came to a little village.

“Why, here is a village,” said Dwight; “a village upon a mill dam! Who ever heard of such a thing?” The houses seemed to be built up out of the water; some of the buildings seemed to be houses, and others great machine shops or factories, with great blazing lights beaming through the windows, and the tremendous noise of engines sounding within.

They rode on past the village; the broad road of the mill-dam before them, the water, with gleams from the lamps, dancing upon it, on either side, and thousands of lights beyond, shining brilliantly along the shores.

The mill-dam seemed very long to Dwight. He thought it must be a mile or two long; but they reached the end of it at length.

They stopped a moment at a little toll-house, near the end, and paid their toll, and then rode off from the mill-dam upon the solid ground. It was a broad and handsome street, with high, very high brick buildings on one side, all close together in a row, and a large green field upon the other side, with a double row of great trees along the side of it. It was Beacon Street, and the green field was Boston Common.

“There,” said Caleb, pointing towards the field, “there is the Common ; and down there a little way, near the great elm, is a beautiful pond, where we can sail our boats.”

“Is there ?” said Dwight. “Is it as good a place as our brook ?”

“Why, no,” said Caleb, hesitating. He was unwilling to admit the inferiority of Boston, in any respect ; but still he could not deny that the brook, in front of Madam Rachel’s, was a better place to sail boats than the Frog Pond.

“I don’t think it is quite so good,” said Caleb. “There is not any mole there.”

“O, but we will build a mole,” said Dwight.

"Can we?" said Caleb, hesitating. He did not know whether it would exactly do for the boys to attempt to build a mole in the pond on the Common.

"But what can we build it of?" said he.

"O, of stones," said Dwight.

"But we can't get any stones."

"Why not? a'n't there any stones in Boston?"

"No *loose* stones, that we can get."

"Then we can build it of old logs and earth."

"But where shall we get the old logs?" said Caleb.

"O, we can pick them up, around," said Dwight. "A'n't there any on the Common?"

"No," said Caleb, "I never saw any."

Dwight imagined that there were as many old logs, and stones, and stumps, and fallen trees, lying about upon Boston Common as there were upon his mother's farm.

Just then, as the horse was walking up the street, he saw a curious-looking object before him, moving slowly along upon the side walk. It was a woman, with an enormous

bundle upon her head. Dwight looked out very eagerly.

“Why, Caleb,” said he, “what is that?”

“Nothing but a woman carrying home a bundle.”

“It is a great bundle of shavings,” said Mary Anna, behind them.

The boys looked around, and saw that Mary Anna had a corner of her curtain unfastened, and was peeping out.

Mary Anna was right — it was a great bundle of shavings and sticks, tied up in a blanket, and resting upon the woman’s head.

“She is going to make a bonfire,” said Dwight.

“No,” said Mary Anna; “that is to make her fire with. They pick up any thing they can find to make their fires with, in Boston, I’ve been told. At any rate, it does not look much as if you could find old wood enough about, to build your mole.”

“Well,” said Dwight, “I can make a mole of earth, for that I know I can get, right out of the ground, close to the pond.”

Caleb did not answer, for his attention was occupied by the woman, who was walking

along just before them, on the side walk, and now so near that they could see both her and her bundle very plainly.

“Poor woman !” said Caleb, in a low voice, to his father ; “ what a heavy load ! Father, I wish you would give her some money to buy some wood with.”

“ I don’t know whether that would be very wise.”

“ Why, father, grandmother tells me we must always do as we would be done by ; and I am sure you would like it if somebody would give you some money, if you were carrying home such a heavy load.”

“ I am not certain that I should,” said his father.

“ O father !” said Caleb with surprise.

“ Why, now, some of the men, who live in these houses,” said his father, pointing to the large edifices by the side of the way, are as much richer than I am, as I am richer than this woman ; and yet I don’t want them to come out and offer to give me some money.”

“ Why, father,” said Caleb, “ suppose they should come and give you fifty dollars, should not you like it ? ”

“No,” said the merchant, shaking his head.

“A hundred, then?” said Caleb.

“No,” said his father; “if they should, in any way, give me a hundred dollars, or any thing of as much value as that, I should feel uneasy until I had done something to cancel the obligation.”

“To what?” said Caleb.

“To cancel the obligation; that is to pay ’em back again. I should not want to receive money in that way.”

“Yes, but, father,” said Caleb, “perhaps *you* would not like to, and yet that poor woman might. She may be different from you.”

“Very likely,” replied the merchant; “but you said the rule was for me to do as I wished others to do to me, not as others wish me to do to them. So, according to that rule, as long as I don’t wish people that are *richer than I am*, to give me money, I am not bound to give it to those that are not so rich.”

Caleb was not quite convinced; but he hardly knew what to say in reply to his father.

“Then,” said Dwight, “we never ought to give any thing to poor people.”

“That does not follow, at all, from what I have been saying,” replied the merchant. “All I have said is, that we are not bound to give them money just because we suppose they would like to have us give it to them. They may be destitute, and in distress. Then I ought to give them something, for then the rule would apply. If I was in distress myself, I should want richer people to do something for me.”

“Well,” said Caleb, “I thought that woman was destitute and in distress.”

“I have no reason to suppose she is,” said the merchant.

“*I think she is,*” said Caleb.

“And I have some reason to think she is not,” said his father.

“Why?” said Caleb.

“Because I saw, as we passed her, by the light of the lamp, that she had ear-rings in her ears; so I suppose she does not think herself very poor, after all.”

Caleb looked around at the woman, who had dropped a little behind them, as they

slowly went up the street. He could not see the ear-rings, for one ear was turned away from him, and the one which was towards him was in shadow. The light of a blazing lamp, however, which hung upon a tall iron post, just before her, fell upon her face, and he saw that she looked contented and happy ; and her cheeks were full, and fresh, as if she did not suffer much from want.

At this moment Caleb's father drew in the reins, and stopped the horse, saying in a low voice to the boys that he was going to speak to the woman.

"Can you tell me, ma'am," said he, in a louder voice, and addressing the woman, "whether Park Street clock has struck eight?"

The woman stopped, turned her head slowly round, carefully poising her load upon it, until she was facing the carryall, and then said that she did not know Park Street clock, but she had not heard any clock at all.

"You have got a heavy load there," said the merchant.

"No, indeed, it is not," said she ; "I am sorry to say, it is very light. The boys got

pretty much all the sticks and chips, and left me nothing but shavings.”

The horse did not like to stand still in the street, with the weight of the carryall drawing him back, down the hill. So he began to walk along just as the woman began her sentence, and she moved on too, talking as she walked, — her head turned a little outwards towards the party in the street. In the course of the conversation she told them where she lived, and that her name was Lindy, and that her business was to go out to work by the day. Here Caleb’s mother whispered to her husband, to hire her to come and work for them the next day, and he accordingly did so. She promised to come in the morning immediately after breakfast, and then, as they had all arrived at the upper corner of the Common, the carryall turned down Park Street, while the woman kept on in Beacon Street, and soon disappeared.

The carryall moved on a few minutes longer, and at length stopped before the door of a house in Colonnade Row.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAWKIES.

ONE morning after the children had been some days in Boston, they were out playing in the Mall, across the street directly opposite the house where Caleb lived. The Mall is a broad gravelled walk, shaded with great elm-trees, which runs along the side of the Common. Dwight and Mary Anna were going home the next day, in the stage, and Caleb was going to school, so they knew it would be the last day that they could play together for some time. They were gathering up leaves into a heap. It was autumn, and many of the leaves had fallen from the great elms, and were lying about upon the ground. Dwight had proposed to gather them up into a great heap, and then make a bonfire of them. Caleb had some doubt whether it would do to build a bonfire on the Common, any better than to make a mole in the pond ;

so he faintly suggested to Dwight that he did not believe "they'd let 'em build a fire."

"Who?" said Dwight.

"Why — the people."

"Yes, they will," said Dwight, confidently; "why not?"

"Why, because," said Caleb, "it might set the houses a-fire."

"Poh! The houses a-fire!" said Dwight, contemptuously. "You can't set the houses a-fire in Boston. They are all built of brick."

Dwight might have spoken more pleasantly, even if he had been sure that it was proper to make a bonfire of the leaves. Caleb had no reply to make to Dwight's reasoning, and so he quietly went to work, helping Dwight gather up the leaves. There were people going back and forth across the Common, upon the various walks, and up and down the Mall; but they took no notice of Caleb and Dwight, and Caleb and Dwight took very little notice of them. But when the boys had got the heap of leaves completed, and Dwight was just trying to get Caleb to go in and get a coal of fire to light it, they heard a rattling sound, and, looking

up, they saw a boy coming down the Mall drawing a pair of trucks after him.

The trucks were plain wooden trucks, painted blue. There were two wheels, with a very stout axletree between them, and two long slender arms or shafts, extended forward, for handles. The boy took hold of the two shafts, walking, himself, between them. Over the axletree was a seat made of a board, fixed in an oblique position, after a fashion peculiar to the trucks of the Boston boys. A small boy was perched up upon this seat, with reins and whip in his hands. He was driving the other boy as his horse.

When this party came to the place where Caleb and Dwight were playing, they stopped; and the horse, who was much the largest boy, asked Dwight what he was doing.

"I am going to build a bonfire," said Dwight.

"A bonfire!" said the boy, with a peculiar smile. The smile was not one of pleasure, but rather a smile of incredulity or ridicule. Dwight noticed the expression, and asked the boy what he was laughing at.

"I'm laughing to think what a pretty

figure you will cut at the watch-house to-night."

"At the watch-house?" said Dwight;
"what is that?"

"Did not you ever see the watch-house?"
said he.

"No," replied Dwight.

"And should you like to?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you build a bonfire on the Common, and I'll warrant you to see the inside of it before two hours are out."

So saying, the boy started off, and trotted away down the Mall, drawing the trucks after him.

"What an ugly fellow that is!" said Dwight, as soon as he had gone.

"Yes," said Caleb.

"I wonder where he got those trucks."

"You can buy enough of them down in Dock Square," said a voice behind them.

They both looked around, and saw a small boy standing just outside of the Mall, upon the sidewalk next the street. He was leaning one arm upon a crutch, and the other upon one of the iron posts which are placed

in a row across the passage way which leads into the Common. These posts are placed so far apart as to allow men and boys to pass between them very easily ; but horses cannot get through. So they form a sort of gateway, always open to those who were on foot, and always shut to those who are riding.

“ What do they ask for them ? ” said Caleb.

“ I believe about four and sixpence,” said the boy.

“ But those are not painted,” said Caleb.

“ No ; but you can get them painted. My father will paint them for you ; he is a painter.”

“ How much do you think he would ask ? ” said Caleb.

“ About half a dollar,” said the boy.

This boy had a very mild and pleasant expression of countenance, though he looked pale and feeble. His tone of voice, too, was gentle and kind, and both Dwight and Caleb liked him as much as they had disliked the other boy. They asked him what his name was, and he said it was Janson. He also told them what his father's name was, and where his shop was ; and Dwight determined to go in at once, and ask Mary Anna to give him

money enough to buy a pair of trucks. He concluded to give up the idea of a bonfire.

As the boys turned to go into the house, they saw Mary Anna sitting at the window. It was a very warm, sunny day, although it was rather late in the season; and Mary Anna had opened her window, and so she had heard all the conversation which the boys had held with both their visitors.

“Well, boys,” said she, as they came up towards the steps, “you have had company, I see.”

“Yes, — and one fellow cross enough.”

“I hope you’ll learn a good lesson from what they said,” said Mary Anna.

“What lesson?” said Dwight. “Not to build fires on Boston Common?”

“No,” said Mary Anna, “something more important than that, — to be kind and polite in speaking to strangers. Little Janson gives pleasure to every one that he speaks to. He is gentle and polite. He looks pleasant, though he looks feeble and sick. But the other boy was rough and coarse, and harsh; and he gives a little pain to almost every body he speaks to, — at least, I should think he would.”

The boys stood leaning upon the iron palisades, before Mary Anna's window, thinking that what she said was very reasonable and true.

“Now consider, Dwight,” said she, “suppose that great boy should live forty years, and during all that time, as he goes about the world, and is continually meeting people, and talking with them, and makes each one feel a little uncomfortably and unpleasantly, what a vast amount of pain he will produce in all that time. And then little Janson, if he lives as long, and sees and speaks to as many people, and gives each one a little pleasure, what a vast amount of enjoyment he will produce in all that time. He will produce enjoyment, too, just as easily as the other boy does suffering.”

“So he will,” said Caleb. “I mean to try and speak pleasantly all the time — don’t you, Dwight?”

“Yes,” said Dwight; “I will.”

“And then besides,” continued Mary Anna, “such persons are altogether more beloved. You like Janson now, I have no doubt, much more than you do the other boy.”

"I don't like the other boy at all," said Caleb.

"And yet what he said was more important to you than what Janson said."

"How?" said Dwight.

"Why, he meant that the police officers would take you and lock you up in the watch-house, which is a little sort of prison, if you should build a fire on the Common."

"Why?" said Dwight.

"I suppose it is against the law," said Mary Anna.

"Well," said Dwight, turning away from the fence, "Boston is no great place for bon-fires, at any rate, though it is so famous. There is nothing here combustible but leaves, and then they won't let you burn."

"But, Marianne," he continued, turning around again towards her, "will you give us some money to buy us some trucks?"

Mary Anna thought she could not. Her mother had not given her much money, and she did not feel authorized to expend any except for necessaries. So Caleb went in to ask his mother for some. She said she had none in the house, but he might go down

with Dwight to his father's store on Long Wharf, if he pleased, and ask *him*.

This plan pleased both the boys extremely ; they liked the idea of a walk down to the wharf very much.

"Let us go down the back way," said Dwight, as they came down the front stairs.

"Well," said Caleb ; and he followed Dwight to the back part of the entry. Here they went down a short flight of stairs, and came out into a pleasant little yard surrounded by a very high wall. On one side of the yard was a wood-house, with a door leading into it from the yard, and an old man was at work there, sawing wood. A pavement of round stones covered the middle of the yard ; but around the sides there was a border, filled with small trees and shrubbery, and vines which climbed up upon neat trellises, that were attached to the walls.

"What a stony yard !" said Dwight. "If I lived here, I would pry the stones all up."

"You could not pry them up," said Caleb.

"Yes, I could, — with a crowbar."

"Ho !" said Caleb, "you could not *lift* a crowbar."

Dwight was on the point of flatly contradicting Caleb, by saying that he *could* lift a crowbar ; but then he remembered the determination they had just formed to be kind and gentle in their conversation, and so he restrained himself.

He paused a moment, and then said, as they were passing along towards the back gate,

“Caleb, you shouldn’t say that I *can’t* lift a crowbar.”

“Why not?” said Caleb.

“Because it is not polite. Besides you don’t *know* certainly.”

“I don’t *think* you can,” said Caleb.

“Then you ought to say you don’t *think*. I didn’t mean a great, heavy crowbar. I mean our gun-barrel crowbar.”

He meant a small crowbar which his mother had made for him, out of an old gun-barrel, with a solid steel point screwed in at the big end.

At this moment they came to the back gate, which was open. It led to a narrow street which ran along in the rear of the houses. Just as the boys were going out,

they encountered the wheel of a wheelbarrow coming in. The wheelbarrow was loaded with wood, and a man was wheeling it in, from the street, — where there lay quite a pile of wood which had been dropped there by a cart.

The man was coarsely dressed. He had on a red shirt, with no coat or waistcoat over it, and a cloth cap on his head. He called out, in a very loud and harsh voice, to the boys to get out of the way.

Caleb and Dwight both moved back, and stood on one side, until the man had passed. Then they passed out. The pile of wood lay in a confused heap just between the street and the sidewalk. It consisted principally of logs, and large split sticks ; but there were a number of small sticks upon the top, some straight and some crooked ; and a few had fallen over upon the side walk, right in the way where the boys were going along.

“ O, what real hawky wood ! ” said Caleb.

“ Hawky wood ! ” said Dwight ; “ what do you mean by hawky wood ? ”

“ Why, to make hawkies of,” said Caleb.

But Dwight did not know what hawkies were ; so he was no wiser than before.

Now, a hawkie is a small, round stick, about as long as a man's cane, with a crook in the lower end, so that a boy can hit balls and little stones with it, when lying upon the ground. A good hawkie is a great prize to a Boston boy.

So Dwight and Caleb began to overhaul the sticks, to select some good ones for hawkies. They had just made up their minds, and had each chosen a first-rate stick, when they heard the wheelbarrow trundling along out of the yard again. As soon as the man came in sight, he called out in the same voice as before,

"Here — here — here ! away with you, boys ! and let my wood alone."

Caleb and Dwight retreated very precipitately towards the middle of the street, each, however, holding on to his hawkie stick.

"It is not *your* wood," said Caleb.

"Whose is it, then ?" said the red shirt.

"It is my father's wood."

"Well, it is in my *care*," replied the man,

“and that is all the same thing ; and I am not going to have you running off with it.”

Caleb and Dwight looked at each other without speaking. They did not know exactly what to do. Caleb knew very well that his father would be perfectly willing that he should have the hawkies ; but then what the man said was obviously true. The property was, for the time, committed to his care ; and even if he was unreasonable in not being willing that Caleb and Dwight should have the sticks, yet still as he *was* unwilling, and as the sticks were properly under his charge, the boys would have done wrong to have taken them.

After reflecting a minute or two, Dwight saw more and more clearly that the man really had authority over the wood, and that he and Caleb ought not to resist it, and he was on the point of tossing his hawky stick angrily over upon the pile again, and the words “Give him his old sticks—I don’t want them,” were actually on his tongue ; when suddenly he remembered his resolution to be polite. It was very hard to be polite to so cross and crabbed a man ; but the recollection

of his resolution restrained him. So he quietly walked back, followed by Caleb, and they both gently laid down the hawky sticks upon the pile again.

This was quite a victory over bad passions, though it was pretty much external, after all ; for, though the boys acted right, they did not feel very pleasantly. But it is a great thing, nevertheless, to restrain even the outward conduct ; a victory there, prepares the way for a victory over the heart, — that is, if the person wishes to get the victory over the bad feelings of his heart. If a boy tries to make his outward conduct right for the sake of appearances, while he does not care any thing about the state of his heart, then his outward improvement will do him but very little good. But if he wishes that the improvement should be thorough and complete, then right conduct will help him very much in cultivating right feelings.

At any rate, it was so here. Dwight did not feel very pleasantly, but he was determined to *act* right ; so he brought the hawky stick back, and put it upon the pile, without saying any impatient or fretful words to

the laborer. In the mean time, the man had loaded his wheelbarrow again, and had put on one or two very large logs, so that the load was unusually heavy, and as he trundled it along, and came to the edge of the sidewalk, the wheel jounced against the curb stone, which formed the edge, and would not go up. The little board which he had placed to go up upon, had got knocked away.

“Stop!” said Dwight in an instant, as soon as he saw how the case stood, “hold steady a minute, and I will fix the board for you.”

So saying, while the laborer drew back his wheel, Dwight carefully adjusted the board, with one end upon the pavement of the street, and the other, square upon the curb stone. The wheelbarrow went up easily, and then moved on with a lumbering sound into the yard, and disappeared; the laborer staggering along after it, as if it was very heavy, but not saying a word. He did not even thank Dwight for fixing up his board.

But though he did not say any thing, he could not help feeling a little ashamed of having been so unaccommodating and uncivil

to a boy who, after all, had showed himself a good and kind-hearted boy. If Dwight had spoken harshly to him in reply, he would probably have not been sorry at all for having refused to have given him the hawkies ; but as it was, since the boys had kept their tempers, and returned him good for evil, he felt rather ashamed, and, as he wheeled his load of wood through the yard, he determined that, when he went back, he would give the boys the hawkies. So he tumbled off his wood near where the old man was sawing, and hastened back to tell the boys that they might have the hawkies. But, when he got to the gate, the boys had gone.

He was then very sorry that he had not told them before ; but it was too late to help it now, and so he determined to fix the hawkies for them as well as he could, and keep them ready to give to the boys as soon as they should return. He borrowed the old man's axe, and chopped them off neatly at the right length, and carefully smoothed them, removing all the knots ; and with his jackknife, he scraped off all the roughness of the bark

along at the upper end, for a handle. When finished, they made a couple of very superior hawkies indeed. He laid them away upon the top of the wall, which was higher than his head, intending to keep them safely there until the boys should return.

CHAPTER III.

A CITY WALK.

DWIGHT and Caleb hastened on, after they had helped the laborer get his wheelbarrow up upon the sidewalk, because they thought that as they had already lost some time, they had better go on rapidly, or else they thought that they should not have time enough to buy their trucks before dinner. So, before the laborer came back to tell them that they might have their hawkies, they had turned around a corner, and disappeared. They walked along through one street after another; Caleb leading the way, and telling Dwight the names of the streets as they passed on. Some of the streets had great blocks of handsome houses on each side of the way, with iron fences and brick sidewalks,—and the whole breadth of the street between the sidewalks paved with stones. It looked very strange to Dwight to see the whole surface of

the ground so entirely covered, and bound up, as it were, tight with brick and stone. He had been accustomed to broad, open roads, with green banks at the sides of them, and trees and bushes growing in abundance around. But here, not a blade of grass was to be seen. The brick sidewalk came up close to the very walls of the houses, and the pavement of the street extended to the edge of the sidewalk. Even the little yards, wherever he could get an opportunity to look in through an open gate, were covered with a firm and compact pavement. But Dwight admired the lofty height and magnificence of the houses, and the splendor of the curtains which he saw through the windows. It is true, his brother's house was furnished as richly and handsomely as any one he saw ; but then he was surprised at the vast number of elegant habitations. Long lines of them stretched on, through street after street, almost endlessly.

Then, there were the shops, with their great windows, and the display of goods of every variety, through the great panes of glass, and at the doors. The boys stopped

before the fancy shops, and toy shops, and bookstores, looking at the various objects exposed there for sale, with great admiration. Dwight saw crowds of people too, who were passing to and fro upon the sidewalk; and carriages, and carts, and long omnibuses, with doors behind, rumbled through the streets, making a thundering noise, which sometimes almost prevented his hearing a word that Caleb said.

At length, they came into streets of a different kind; the buildings were all great stores, with signs over the doors, but with very few goods at the windows. Handcarts and long-tailed trucks stood by the sidewalks, or lumbered heavily along, loaded with boxes, bales, or barrels. Groups of coarse-looking men stood at the corners of the streets, with white frocks over them, and whips in their hands. Caleb said they were truckmen. At a distance, too, still farther, the boys, now and then, got a glimpse, between the ranges of tall brick stores and warehouses, of the masts and spars of the vessels which lay at the wharves.

At length, they reached what appeared to

Dwight the most curious street he had ever seen. There was a range of brick buildings upon one side, and of ships and vessels of every kind upon the other, — while trucks, carts, and wagons of every sort almost filled up the space between. Dwight said it was a street of ships.

“It is Long Wharf,” said Caleb.

“Long Wharf!” said Dwight; “this is not a wharf.”

Caleb insisted that it was. He said the ground was all built out, artificially, into the sea, and then the brick stores and warehouses were built upon it. For proof of this, Caleb showed him the water all along the side of the wharf, where the ships were lying; and then took him to the edge, and let him see the long *piles* which had been driven down, into the mud, at the bottom. A short distance across the water, on the same side, Caleb showed him another wharf very much like this, which was also built out like a long street into the sea, and which, like Long Wharf, had a range of brick stores along the middle of it, and ships at the side.

The boys walked on near the edge of the

wharf that was towards the vessels. They were very much interested in reading the names upon the sterns of the ships, brigs, and schooners ; and the great signs which hung up in the rigging, informing all who might pass by, where the several vessels were going. One was marked to sail to Philadelphia, another to New York, and another to the West Indies.

When they had got about half way down the wharf, their farther progress was interrupted by a large number of hogsheads, which covered the broad platform, that extended along there, like a sort of sidewalk. The bungs of these hogsheads were out, and a man was walking along with a long wooden rod in his hand, which he thrust down into the bung-holes, and then drew it up again immediately, all covered with molasses. He then would touch his finger to the middle of the stick, and taste of the molasses. So he walked along from hogshead to hogshead, tasting the molasses in every one, as if he was trying it to see if it was good. The boys watched him a few minutes, and then walked around the hogsheads, and went on.

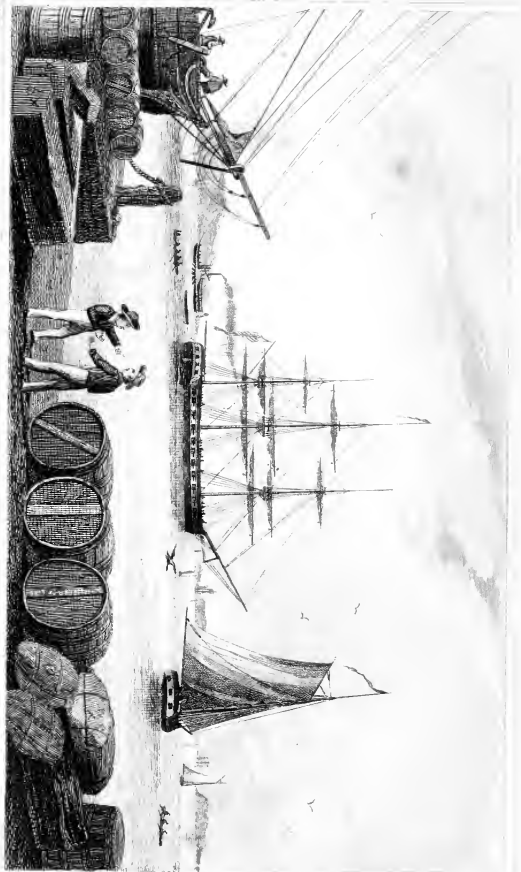
They came, at length, down to the end of the wharf. There was a sort of pier built across the end, like the Y part of their mole at Madam Rachel's, as is described in the book called "CALEB IN THE COUNTRY;" only it was built straight across. Immense ships were lying along the front of this pier, and at the ends of it. The hulls of the ships rose up very high above the wharf, so high that the boys could not see over them at all. Great piles of iron bars were lying upon the wharf near them, and several men were at work taking out more bars of iron from one of the ships. They pushed them down a platform made of planks, and which extended down from the ship to the wharf, and then threw them down upon the pile, where they fell with a very heavy, clanking sound.

At last, the boys found a place where they could look off to the harbor. Merchant vessels, small and great, were lying at anchor in it, in various places. Here and there a boat, rowed by a man or a boy, glided along over the water; and off at a distance before them, was a vessel of war, which the boys knew to be such, by the range of black ports running along

her side. There was a steamboat, too, just coming in, with a long cloud of smoke for a streamer.

While they were looking at the vessel of war, they heard a noise as of oars close by them, upon one side. They could not see very plainly at first, for a great English ship, which was lying at that part of the wharf, was in the way. In a few minutes, however, a long, narrow boat gradually emerged into view. It was handsomely painted in black and white stripes. A great many oars extended into the water on each side, and they moved with such perfect regularity, and dipped into the water with so measured and simultaneous a sound, that the whole seemed to the boys like a machine.

An officer sat in the stern of the boat steering. He guided her towards the vessel of war, and the boat shot through the water like an arrow, leaving a wake of troubled waters behind. The boys watched it as it gradually receded, and the sound of the oars died away in the distance, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a new apparition, which advanced into view, in a moment, right before them.





It was a large schooner-rigged sail-boat, just setting off on a cruise. There was a large party of young men seated in her, and her tall, white sails were just catching the wind. She glided along before the boys, from right to left, so near that Dwight said he could almost jump in ; and for a moment she cut off all their view. She soon passed, however, and was hid by the shipping ; and a few minutes afterwards they saw her again, out much farther, standing back from left to right, on the other tack, as she was beating out of the harbor.

Among the various objects which attracted the boys' attention, Caleb, at length, asked Dwight to look at a small boat with a man and a boy in it, which was coming towards them. The man was rowing ; the boy sat in the stern, holding the tiller. As they advanced, the boys saw fish in the bottom of the boat, and then they supposed it was a fisherman and his son, who had probably been out a-fishing. They came on towards the shore, and soon glided in among the shipping, and disappeared.

Caleb said it was time for them to go ; but

Dwight wanted to stay longer, and look at the vessels and boats which were moving about the harbor. Caleb, however, insisted that they ought to go. "My father," he said, "is not willing to have me stay here very long without his leave. He lets me come down here a few minutes, whenever I want to ; but if we want to stay long, I must ask him."

Dwight yielded, and the boys concluded to go. They rose from their seat, which was upon the stem of an immense anchor that was lying upon the wharf, and turned away from the water. They saw before them, at a little distance, round by another corner of the wharf, a group of boys fishing. They were close to the edge of the wharf. Some were standing upon a great timber which extended along and formed the edge, and others were sitting upon it, with their feet dangling down over the edge towards the water.

"O, let us go and see if those boys have caught any fish," said Dwight.

"No," said Caleb, "we must not go there."

My father does not allow me to go to the edge."

"O, we shall not fall off, any more than those boys," said Dwight.

"No matter," said Caleb, holding Dwight back; "you must not go."

"Well," said Dwight, "I won't." And he followed Caleb along where he was going. Caleb led him to the back side of the row of stores which extended down the wharf; and just as they turned the corner of the building, they came suddenly upon a number of men, some sitting down, and some leaning against the building. As soon as the boys came into view, several of them immediately arose, and called out together,

"Want a boat, boys? Want a boat?"

"No," said Caleb, promptly. He had often been accosted so before.

Dwight looked down into the water, for on this side of the wharf the water came very near to the stores. There was only a plank walk between, and this was not very wide. Dwight could easily look down from it to the water; and he saw lying there several beautiful little sail-boats, all ready to carry

any body out who might want to hire them. The boys, however, of course, did not want to hire them ; and so they passed on. They did not like this side of the wharf so well as they did the other. The walk was narrow, and the vessels lying there were small and dirty. Some were loaded with salt, and some with fish. The boys accordingly soon passed through, under a sort of archway, to the other side ; and walking along the side-walk, close to the stores, they soon came to Caleb's father's store.

“Is *this* your father's store ?” said Dwight, in a tone of great surprise and disappointment, as they stood before the door.

The reason of Dwight's surprise was that the store was an old, dark, dirty-looking place, and he did not see any thing to sell, but old barrels. There was one great door in front, and a dingy-looking window by the side of it. There was a truck in the street, with its long tail, as Dwight called it, backed up to the door. There was a long row of barrels upon it, and a man stood at the end, rolling one of the barrels off from the bars into the door. As he moved this one away,

all the rest came rolling down a little way, so as to bring the one next above, to the place where this one had been, ready to be rolled off in its turn. And thus, one by one, all the barrels were rolled in, the rest following regularly down, as fast as those next the door were removed. Dwight thought that, at any rate, the long-tailed trucks were a handy contrivance in respect to loading and unloading.

While this process was going on, Dwight and Caleb could not very well get into the store. It is true, there was room enough by the side of the barrels, and men and boys occasionally passed in and out, while the load was going in; but Dwight was afraid that the barrels might possibly roll upon him, and break his legs. So they waited patiently until the trucks were unloaded; and then the cartman hitched the trace of his leader again, and by loud words of command, ordered him round into his place; and then, taking his seat sideways, just before the wheel, his legs dangling down towards the pavement, he started his horses off upon a

round trot, down the wharf, the heavy wheels thundering over the pavement with a terrific noise. The horses were arranged *tandem*, that is, one before the other, and the truckman had no reins, but he guided them easily through the narrow openings among the other carts and trucks upon the wharf, by his loud shouts.

The trucks disappeared, in a few minutes, round a corner — the long, heavy bars, which extended out behind, sweeping round in a great circle as it turned ; and then Dwight and Caleb went into the store.

There was no counter, nor any shelves of goods, as Dwight had expected. In fact, there seemed to be nothing at all to sell. When they entered the door, the boys found themselves in a small space, fenced off from all the back part of the store, by a sort of open partition, formed of wooden bars, with a door, or rather gate, of the same. A man in a green apron was just locking this door. They could see, however, between the bars, to the back part of the store, and it looked like nothing but a cellar. The floor was

black, and there was nothing to be seen but piles of great, heavy boxes and barrels.

“Is father up in the counting-room, James?” said Caleb to the man in the green apron.

“Yes,” replied the man, “I believe he is;” and the boys passed by him, turning to the left, up a broad, but black-looking staircase, which led up from that corner.

They came up into a spacious chamber, which looked scarcely more inviting than the room below. It was filled with bales and boxes, which were in some places piled up to the very ceiling. In one place was a great heap of square bags. Caleb said they were bags of coffee. In one corner, upon the front side, was a small room partitioned off, with a window towards the stairs where the boys had come up; and Dwight could see, through the window, the heads of men who were standing at a high desk, writing in enormous books.

Dwight hung back, timidly; but Caleb pushed boldly on, and opened the counting-room door. Dwight followed him. They

entered a very pleasant-looking room, with two large windows opening towards the street. Near these windows stood a high desk, very large, sloping each way, and its end standing towards the wall, between the windows. Several men were writing at it, some on each side. There was a kind of rack, or frame, extending along upon the top, with places for books, which were filled with ponderous account-books of all shapes. There were several arm-chairs about the room, with stuffed leather seats, and one or two high three-legged stools, standing near the great desk. There was a small fireplace, though there was no fire in it; and by the side of it was a small desk, where Caleb's father was sitting, looking at some papers. There was a man standing near him, talking with him; so Caleb went up pretty near, but did not speak. Dwight, in the mean time, amused himself by looking at a great map, which was hanging against the back wall of the counting-room.

For a minute or two, nothing was said. At length, Caleb's father looked up from his work, and said aloud,

“Mr. Williams, what is the amount of that invoice?”

“Five hundred and sixty-eight, forty-eight,” said a man at the desk, with a pen stuck behind his ear.

“Ah, boys,” said the merchant, as his eye fell upon them, “I’m happy to see you; but you must wait a few minutes: even my heaviest customers have to take their turn.”

So saying, he turned again to his desk, and busied himself with his accounts; talking in a low voice to the gentleman who was near.

Just at this moment, another gentleman opened the counting-room door, and called out,

“Mr. Leger, are you drawing on New York about these days?”

“No, sir,” said the merchant, without looking up; “New York is drawing on me,—I am sorry to say.”

The stranger shut the door, and disappeared.

In a minute or two, the merchant laid

down the pen with which he had been figuring, and said,

“Then, sir, you want four hundred and sixty-three dollars, and twenty-eight cents.”

Dwight turned round immediately at these words ; he thought he should like to see all that money counted out. He expected to see his brother go to a great black iron door, which was built into the wall on one side of the fireplace, and take out bags of dollars ; but instead of that, he only said, as he rose from his seat,

“Mr. Williams, will you be good enough to draw a check ? — four hundred sixty-three, twenty-eight. Well, Dwight,” he then said, turning to the boys, “how do you like the looks of Long Wharf ?”

“Very well,” said Dwight.

In a moment, Mr. Williams brought Caleb’s father a small piece of printed paper, and a pen ; and he took it, wrote his name at the bottom of it, and then handed it to the other man. He put it into his pocket-book, and went away.

As he opened the door to pass out,

another man came in with a great pocket-book under his arm. He handed Mr. Leger a little note; at least Dwight thought it was a note, though it seemed to be a small printed paper, only folded over once. His brother took it, without opening it, and laid it in a little pigeon-hole in his desk.

"Seems to me, if I was a merchant, and people sent me notes, I should read 'em," said Dwight.

"Very true," said Mr. Leger, as he sat down in his chair again, and drew Caleb and Dwight up to him. "That is a good general rule," he said, smiling; "but you must know that we merchants get some notes that we don't like to see very well; so we tuck them away into pigeon-holes."

Here one of the clerks came up to him with an open letter in his hand, and said,

"Did you decide, sir, about that sugar?"

"O no," said he; "did they send a sample?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; and he handed him a small paper parcel, which Mr. Leger opened, and found it filled with little lumps

of white sugar. He tasted of it, looked at it, and then said, "Yes, — that will do: you may write him that I will take the whole lot."

Then he folded up the paper again, and handed it to Dwight. "There," said he, "you and Caleb examine that sample of sugar as you go along home, and let me know your opinion of it, next time I see you. And now for your business. — I suppose you have some important business with me; — hey, Caleb?"

Caleb told his story about the trucks, and ended by asking for about a dollar, to buy a pair with.

"Will a dollar be enough?" said the merchant.

"Yes," said Caleb, "a dollar or two half dollars — just the same."

"True," said his father, "that is pretty much the same; but I suppose you will want to take the trucks with you into the country, Dwight, on the top of the stage, and so you must have a first-rate article."

"Yes," said Dwight. "But I think we can get a good pair for a dollar. The price

is seventy-five cents, and we want to get them painted ; but then I think I can beat him down some."

"No, Dwight, I would not beat him down," said the merchant. "I'll give you a dollar and a quarter, and let him have his profits. I want my profits, and I am willing other people should have theirs."

"Suppose we have some money over?" said Dwight.

"There *will* be a difficulty there. If you have too much, I don't know what you *will* do ; but you can look at the shops as you go along, and if you can't find any thing to buy with it, you can pay it back to me, you know, at dinner time."

"Then we may buy any thing we please with the rest?" said Caleb.

"Yes ; — with the whole ; — you may do what you please with the whole ; only decide judiciously."

Here the door opened, and a lad came in, bringing some letters and papers.

"Steamboat mail just in, Charles?" said the merchant.

“Yes, sir,” said Charles; “they had a thick fog last night on the Sound.”

Mr. Leger took the letters and papers from the boy, and then gave him a small blue book, which was lying upon the desk, with the ends of a bundle of bank bills projecting a little beyond the leaves. The boy took the book without saying any thing, and went out.

“Where is Charles going with that money?” said Dwight.

“He is going to State Street, to make a deposit,” said his brother.

Dwight did not know what that meant; but he perceived that his brother’s time was a good deal occupied, and he and Caleb thought it was best for them to go. Besides, he was in haste to buy his trucks.

The boys walked along up the wharf, eating the white lumps of sugar; though they soon found it inconvenient, as they were jostled by the people upon the side-walk, who were passing to and fro. So they folded up the paper, and concluded to keep the rest until they got home.

“What a fine time we will have playing

with the trucks this winter, if I come up!" said Caleb.

"Yes, — only we can't use them very well in winter," said Dwight; "the snow will be too deep."

"So it will," said Caleb.

They walked along a minute or two in silence.

"There is another difficulty," said Caleb, at length.

"What?" said Dwight.

"You are going to set off in the stage to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"Yes," said Dwight.

"Then how are we going to get the paint dry, upon the trucks?"

This was a very serious difficulty. Dwight did not know what to say.

At length, he said, in a tone of voice expressive of great interest,

"Caleb!"

"What?" said Caleb.

"Why could not Raymond make a pair of trucks like those? He can make beautiful hand-sleds."

“O, he does not know how to make trucks,” said Caleb. “He never saw any.”

“But I can tell him how. I can draw the shape of them on a paper, and carry it home.”

“Then what shall we do with our money?” said Caleb.

“O, we can buy something else with it,” said Dwight; “we can find something or other.”

CHAPTER IV.

BUYING AT AUCTION.

JUST at this moment, the boys came to a place where a great red flag was hanging down from a pole, which projected from the upper window of a store, on a corner, between two streets ; and a great many people were standing in the store below. One man was perched up upon some high place in the store, so that he was entirely above all the rest ; and he was talking away as fast as he could talk, and in a very loud voice.

“It is an *auction*,” said Caleb. “Let us go and see what they have got to sell.”

The boys stepped inside of the door, Dwight looking up very intently at the auctioneer. He had a paper in his hand, and a little ivory mallet, and was saying, as the boys came in,

“Mr. Blake takes one, and Mr. Jones one.”

Then turning his paper over, and looking upon both sides, he said,

“ Well, gentlemen, I believe we have got through with these articles. Now here are some shrubbery and some raspberry vines.”

The crowd moved away a little, turning towards a row of curious-looking packages, which were leaning up against the wall of the room. They were enclosed in straw, and were of a conical shape, — big at the bottom, and coming up to a point at the top, with a strong but coarse kind of cord tied around them, all along from top to bottom.

“ Now, James,” said the auctioneer, “ hold up one of those bundles.”

A man, who had been busy arranging the bundles, now took up one, and held it up high, so that all could see. Dwight and Caleb, however, happened to be standing so near that they could see without this.

“ Now, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, “ these bundles contain fifty canes each of the Antwerp raspberries, — a first rate variety, as you all know. What shall I have for them? One cent a plant is bid, one cent ; —

a cent and a half, a cent and a half; — two cents, two cents. Gentlemen, they are worth double the money. See how they are put up. You can transport them to any distance, and set them out this fall, or let them lie in your cellar till spring, and put them out then; — warranted to bear the first year."

"I wish I had a bundle of them," said Dwight to Caleb, in a whisper.

"Two cents is bid," continued the auctioneer; "two cents and a half."

"Two cents a piece for fifty," said Dwight, "is a dollar; and a half a cent is twenty-five cents; — makes a dollar and a quarter; just what we have got. Let us buy a bundle, Caleb."

"Three cents," said a man who was standing near to Caleb.

"Three cents," said the auctioneer, "three cents; is that all, gentlemen? three cents, one or the whole."

"That makes more than we have got," said Caleb.

"Gone," said the auctioneer, "to Mr. Jones, at three cents. How many do you take, Mr. Jones?"

“Two bundles,” said Mr. Jones.

“Well, now, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, “there are a few bundles more ; who takes them at three cents ? ”

Nobody answered ; at length a man said he would give *two* cents for a bundle of them.

“Well, gentlemen, start them at two cents.”

“Now let me bid,” said Dwight.

“Would you ? ” said Caleb.

“Two cents,” said the auctioneer, “two cents ; — bid quick, gentlemen. Antwerp raspberries, assorted, — red and white.”

“Yes,” said Dwight, in a hurried tone, “I would ; and we will plant them in a row, and you and I own them together.”

“Well,” said Caleb.

“Two cents and a half,” said Dwight.

“Two cents, two cents,” said the auctioneer ; for Dwight had spoken so faintly, that he did not hear his bid.

“Two cents and a half was bid here,” said a man who was standing near Dwight and Caleb.

“Two cents and a half is bid ; is that all,

gentlemen? Once, twice, three times. Gone, — to whom?"

Dwight was so confounded at the novelty of his situation, that he did not know what to say.

"What name?" said the auctioneer.

"What is your name?" repeated the man next to Dwight, hunching him with his elbow.

"Dwight," said he.

"Dwight," repeated the man in a louder tone.

"Mr. Dwight," said the auctioneer in a louder voice still, "takes one at two and a half cents."

He spoke to a clerk who was at a desk in an enclosed place behind him, keeping an account of the sale. The clerk wrote down in his great book,

"Mr. Dwight, 1 package — $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents."

The auctioneer then went on as fast as possible, selling the rest of his packages.

The question then was, how and when Dwight could pay for his package, and he asked Caleb if he knew how; but Caleb said

he did not know any thing about it. Dwight then thought he had better ask some of the men that belonged to the store ; and so he went up to James, watching an opportunity when he seemed disengaged for a moment, and said,

“ When shall I pay for mine ? ”

“ O, you can come this afternoon any time ; or — stop ; have you got the money here now ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said Dwight.

“ Well,” said he, “ come along with me then.”

So he stepped back through the crowd, Dwight and Caleb following him ; and he took Dwight’s money, and passed it, through a sort of balustrade, to the clerk, saying,

“ Mark this boy’s package paid and delivered.”

“ What name ? ” said the clerk.

“ Dwight,” said James.

Then they returned, and Dwight took his package ; and he and Caleb lugged it off out the door. It was pretty heavy, but they succeeded in getting it safely home.

These raspberries safely reached Madam

Rachel's garden, and were set out in a double row, and bore a great number of large, sweet raspberries the next year. The roots spread, too, and so the plants were multiplied, and every year produced abundance of fruit, which Caleb and Dwight continued to gather year after year.

CHAPTER V.

SABBATH MORNING.

ON the Sabbath after Dwight and Mary Anna had gone home, Caleb wanted to go to Sabbath School. It had been decided that he was to go back to Madam Rachel, his grandmother, to spend the winter, after being a few weeks at home, and his mother asked him if he thought it was worth while for him to go to Sabbath School for so short a time.

He thought it was. The superintendent, he said, always told them that he liked to have a boy come, even if he was going to be in town only one single Sabbath. So his mother told him that he might go.

“Can you find your way alone?” said she.

“O, yes, mother — it is very near.”

It was a very warm and pleasant morning, almost like summer; and when Caleb had got ready, he found it was half an hour before the

time for the first bell to ring, when it would be time for him to go. So he got a book to read, and went and took his seat by a window at the back parlor, where the sun was shining in very pleasantly. The window was open, and the air was calm, and Caleb enjoyed sitting there very much.

Presently, the door opened slowly, and a little girl, about three years old, came into the room. It was Caleb's sister Mary. She had a pretty large book under her arm.

"Ah, Mary," said Caleb, "you must not have that book ; — that is too large a book for you ;" and he went towards her, and began to take it from her.

But Mary was unwilling to let him have it. She struggled, and turned away.

"Give it to me, Mary," said Caleb.

"No," said Mary, "it is my book."

Caleb recollected that it would be wrong for him to use any violence to his little sister, and so he let go, and went up stairs and told his mother that Mary had got a large and valuable book.

"What book is it?" said his mother.

"I don't know," said Caleb ; "but it is a

pretty large book, with handsome covers, and pictures on the covers."

"O," said his mother, "it is the Sabbath picture book, which her aunt Mary Anna gave her. Haven't you seen it?"

"No," said Caleb; "has she ever had it before?"

"No," replied his mother; "her aunt said she never must have it, except on Sabbath days."

Caleb thought this was very singular; but he was now eager to see the book, and so he went down stairs again. He found Mary seated on a cricket, with her book open before her, in her lap.

As soon, however, as she saw Caleb coming, she shut the book and held it tight under her arm. She was afraid that Caleb was going to take it away.

"I am not going to take it away from you, Mary," said he; "I did not know that it was *your* book."

But Mary still looked afraid.

"Come, Mary," said he, again; "come here to the window, and sit in my lap, and I will show you the pictures."

By *showing* her the pictures he meant that he would explain them to her, and talk about them.

“No,” said Mary, shaking her head, “I had rather look at them myself.”

“O dear me!” said Caleb; “what shall I do?”

He wanted to see the book very much indeed; but yet he would not use any violence, and he did not know how to get it without.

He went and sat down by the window, and then Mary opened her book again, and began to look at the pictures.

“Are there pictures in your book, Mary?” said Caleb.

“Yes,” said Mary.

“What pictures?”

“Why — here is a picture of a dog,” said Mary.

“Well, you bring it here, and sit up in my lap, and I will tell you all about the dog.”

“No,” said Mary, “I’d rather see it myself.”

When Caleb was a year or two younger, he used in such cases as this to go and try to take the book away from Mary, not indeed by

open force, but gently, and trying all the time to persuade her to give it to him. But his mother had taught him that this was wrong ; and so now, when he wanted any thing that Mary had, he relied altogether upon his powers of persuasion. He accordingly, after going and taking his seat by the window, began to look out to see if he could not find any thing there which Mary would like to see. If he did, he meant to try to entice her to come and sit with him ; and then he thought he could gradually get her to let him see the book.

“ O Mary,” said he, presently, with a voice of great apparent interest, “ O come here, and see all the chimneys : — there are ever so many chimneys, and smoke coming out of some of them.”

“ No,” said Mary, “ I’d rather see my book.”

She remained motionless upon her cricket, slowly turning over the leaves.

“ And there are some doves upon the top of that house,” continued Caleb.

Mary remained silent and motionless as before.

“Now they have flown away,” said Caleb.

Mary looked up a moment, instinctively, and then returned her eyes to her book again.

Caleb perceived that he was making a little impression, and he was encouraged.

“O Mary,” he called out again, more eagerly than before, “here is a cat!”

“A cat upon the top of the house!” he continued, after a moment’s pause.

Mary looked up again, but did not rise.

“Now she is creeping along upon a spout. She is looking down over — there, she is going to jump. I verily believe she is going to jump.”

“Where? where?” said Mary, starting up, and running to Caleb, with her book under her arm.

“There,” said Caleb, taking hold of Mary’s arms, and springing her up into his lap; “there, on the top of that stable. See! see!”

Mary got to the place just in time to see the cat leap down to the roof of a shed many feet below the place where she had been standing. She walked along the roof of the

shed, and entered an open window, and disappeared.

“Mary,” said Caleb, “let us look into your book, and see if we can’t find a picture of a cat there.”

“Well,” said Mary.

So Caleb opened the book, and looked for a few minutes after the picture of a cat. But he could not find any. Then he began to talk to Mary about the other pictures, and to read the little hymns and verses. There were a great many little hymns pasted into the book; and short and easy verses from the Bible, which Mary Anna had printed in the blank spaces with a pen. It was a beautiful book, and Caleb enjoyed looking at it very much indeed.

At length, however, Mary herself seemed to be a little tired of it, and began once more looking out of the window. Caleb was still examining the pictures, and reading the hymns.

Presently, Mary slipped down out of his lap, leaving the book with her brother. She folded her arms upon the window, and rested her chin upon her arms, and in this position stood for some time, looking at the various

objects around. At a little distance, nearly opposite to her, there was a window open, and she could see into the room. There was a woman there, sweeping. She watched her a few minutes, and presently after she had done sweeping the room, she came and shut the window, and then went away.

Mary then heard a rattling in the street. It was a retired back street, behind the house, and there was usually but little passing in it; so Mary wondered what could be coming. While waiting for it to come into view, her eye fell upon something strange lying upon the top of the wall at the back of the yard. But that instant the sound of the coming wheels grew suddenly louder, and a milk-cart came into view, with its uncouth-shaped top, and its rows of bright tin cans, before the driver. The horse trotted swiftly by, and Mary then said,

“Caleb, what is that on the wall?”

“On what wall?” said Caleb, still looking upon his book.

“Why, down there,” said Mary.

Caleb looked down.

“Why, what are they?” said he. “Two

sticks. Two hawkies ! capital good hawkies, too. I wonder who put them there ?

“ I mean to go and get them,” continued he, after a moment’s pause.

“ Why, they are not yours,” said Mary ; “ are they ? ”

“ Why, no,” said Caleb ; “ but they are in my father’s yard, and I mean to go and get them.”

So Caleb laid Mary’s Sabbath book down upon the chair, and ran off down the back stairs to the basement story, and thence out into the yard. He stood under the wall, and looked up. It was so high that he could not reach the top. In fact, now he could not even see the hawkies.

“ Well, I must go and get a chair,” said Caleb.

Now it happened that there was a good woman who had lived at Caleb’s mother’s a number of years, to take care of the children. They called her Mrs. Wood. As Caleb went in at the back door, which was under a little piazza which extended along the back side of the house, he came into the entry, just as Mrs. Wood was coming out of the kitchen

with a small pitcher of water, which she was carrying up into the nursery, in one hand, and a lamp, not lighted, in the other.

“ Well, Caleb,” said Mrs. Wood, “ do you want any thing that I can get you ? ”

“ No,” said Caleb, pushing on, “ I only want a chair.”

Mrs. Wood was very kind to the children, and was always doing them some little favors or other, and so she wished to know, now, whether she could help Caleb about what he wanted.

“ What are you going to do with a chair ? ” said Mrs. Wood.

“ O, I am going to get some hawkies off of the back wall.”

“ Some hawkies ? ” said Mrs. Wood ; “ well, first go up stairs before me, and open the doors — for my hands are full.”

Caleb was very eager to get at his hawkies ; but as Mrs. Wood had always been so kind to him, he could not refuse ; so he ran along before her, and opened the doors, until at last they reached the nursery, which was in the third story.

When he had got to the nursery door,

and had opened that, Mrs. Wood asked him to go in a moment, for she wanted to speak to him.

So Caleb went in. It was a large room, with a high bed in one corner, and a trundle-bed under it. In another corner was a rocking horse, with a side-saddle upon it. There was a little desk by one of the windows, and in a recess, by the side of the fireplace, there stood a small mahogany case of shelves and drawers. It looked like a wardrobe, but was not so high. It contained Caleb and Mary's picture books, toys, and treasures. There was a little set of book shelves in one place, upon the wall, and various handsome pictures. The book shelves belonged to Mrs. Wood.

There was also a great arm chair, which belonged to Mrs. Wood. It stood near the window. It was quite broad and low, and Mrs. Wood used often to sit in it, and hold Mary and Caleb in her lap, and tell them stories.

When Mrs. Wood and Caleb had gone into the room, Caleb walked towards the chair. Mrs. Wood put her pitcher down upon the wash-stand, in one corner, and her

lamp upon the mantelpiece, and then came to Caleb.

“Well, Caleb,” said she, “I am much obliged to you for coming up so pleasantly and opening the doors for me, — especially when you wanted to go and do something else ; but I had another reason for asking you to come up.”

“What ? ” said Caleb.

“Why, I wanted to advise you not to go and get the hawkies to-day.”

“Why not ? ” said Caleb.

“Because,” said she, “it is Sabbath day.”

Caleb looked down a little, but did not reply.

“Do you think it would be right ? ”

“Why, I was only just going to take them down and bring them in, so that they would be safe. I was not going to play with them any,” said Caleb.

“I know you would not play with them to-day ; but if you go and take them down, and do any thing with them at all, it will get your thoughts occupied with them, and thus cause you to break the Sabbath.”

Caleb had nothing to reply ; but yet he

did not see clearly that there could be any great harm in just going and bringing in a couple of hawkies.

Mrs. Wood saw plainly that he was not convinced.

"The case is just this," said she : "God wishes us to set apart one day in seven for him ; to give up all our work and all our play, and endeavor to improve our minds and hearts."

"But I am waiting for the bell to ring," said Caleb, "and then I am going to Sunday School ; and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said Mrs. Wood, "you must do as you think best. I only thought I would tell you. If you could think of something which would be profitable to you or Mary, and if you should give up going after the hawkies, I know God, who looks down upon you, would be much pleased ; and I think you would be happier all day, and all next week, for it. I have tried breaking the Sabbath a good many times, myself, and I find I never gain any thing by it. On the other hand, the more strictly I keep it, according to what I suppose to be God's command, the

more happy I feel, and the more prosperously I get along all the week. So I concluded that I would just tell you what I thought would be the best way for you, as you have often been so kind to me. But you must do just as you please. I have no authority ; — and in fact, if I had, and were to command you not to go, and you should stay in on that account, that would not be obedience to God. It is God's will that you should stay in of your own accord."

So she kissed Caleb, and told him he might go. Caleb walked slowly and thoughtfully out of the room, and down stairs, until he came to the parlor door. Here he hesitated ; he wanted very much to go down the back stairs, and get the hawkies ; but then he feared to do what Mrs. Wood had plainly told him was wrong.

Now Mrs. Wood had often told him that, whenever he found himself in circumstances of temptation, hesitating whether to do something wrong, or not, he ought immediately to look up to God, and pray to him for strength. And now, as he stood, with one arm around the post at the head of the ban-

isters of the stairs, swinging himself, undecidedly, to and fro, he thought of this. Although the chief source of his reluctance to go down for the hawkies had been, thus far, an unwillingness to go contrary to Mrs. Wood's advice, and not a desire to please God, yet he had some regard for God, and some true love for him. So he turned around, leaned his head upon the banisters, and whispered the following little prayer, which Mrs. Wood had taught him for just such occasions : —

“ O God, now that I am in temptation, wilt thou help me ? Give me strength to do just what I *ought* to do, and not let me fall into sin, and so, for a little pleasure for a moment, destroy my peace of mind, and displease thee ; for Jesus' sake. Amen.”

God heard his prayer. He will always hear the prayers of children who call upon him at such times, when they are struggling with temptation and sin. Caleb's love for his Father in heaven grew stronger and clearer at once. He longed to do something to

please him. He felt sorry that he had, for a moment, had any disposition to do what he had forbidden. In fact, the struggle was over. It was no longer hard for him to keep from going down stairs. He did not want to go down stairs. He walked directly into the parlor, trying to think of something to do, which would show that he was now heartily willing to obey God's commands.

He looked up to the clock, and found that it wanted only ten minutes of time for the bell to ring.

"I wish it was fifteen," said he; "I can't do much in ten minutes. Let me see—what shall I do?—I will teach Mary a verse out of her book. That will be just the thing."

So he took Mary up in his lap, and said, "Now, Mary, I will teach you a verse out of your book."

Mary was pleased with this plan. Caleb took his seat again by the window, and lifted Mary up into his lap again. In a moment his eye fell upon the hawkies, lying upon the top of the wall, in the sun, as before.

"We'll go and sit in another place, away from the window," said Caleb.

So Mary got down, and Caleb went through the open folding doors, into the front parlor, and took his station upon the sofa, sitting back in one corner of it, with Mary by his side. He took one of the round pillows, which, like the sofa, were covered with black mohair, and laid it across his and Mary's lap. Then he opened the Sunday picture-book and laid it upon the pillow, which formed an excellent table.

In five minutes, Mary had pretty nearly learned a short verse. Caleb selected a short one, both because Mary was little, and also because he had not much time. The verse was this:—

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

There was a picture of a globe, with clouds around it above the verse, and Caleb taught Mary that when he opened the book, and showed her that picture, then she must say that verse. He thought he could teach her several other verses in the same way; and then, when Mary had her book alone, she could turn over the leaves herself, and when she saw the various pictures, she would re-

member the verses under them, and so could repeat them. This would be a sort of reading, he thought, and it would be a fine thing for her to be able to sit down by herself, and read her book, even if it was only such a kind of reading as this.

Presently Caleb heard a church clock beginning to strike. He said, "There, Mary, now it is time for me to go." So he put the pillow away, and let Mary jump down; and then he went to the front window, and looked out. Ladies and gentlemen, and now and then a little group of children, were walking along the sidewalks, and over the gravel paths upon the Common. Park Street clock struck the hour—the tones of the bell coming full and clear into the room. Then another clock, at a little distance, and then another, and presently the bells began to ring slowly, with a variety of tones, and different degrees of loudness, as they were near or more remote. The air was soon filled with the music, and Caleb enjoyed it very much. He had often heard the ringing of the Boston bells before, on a still Sabbath morning; but he had now been absent in the country so

long, that he had almost forgotten the sound. After listening to them a few minutes, Caleb got his hat, and then went up to his mother's chamber to tell her that he was going.

"Very well," said she, "be a good boy, Caleb, and, when you come home, tell me all that you have heard."

CHAPTER VI.

JANSON AGAIN.

CALEB went down to the front door, and pulling back the catch with one hand, he turned the knob of the lock with the other, and opened the door. He walked along the sidewalk, and a great many other children, neatly dressed, and with their question books under their arms, were before and behind him. He soon turned down a corner, and presently another corner, into the street where his Sabbath School was held. He saw a great many children, and several teachers, going along at the same time, and he noticed particularly a small boy, walking with crutches, just before him, upon the other side of the way. The boy happened to look round just as Caleb first observed him, and he saw that it was Janson.

Caleb ran across the road, and overtook him.

“Janson,” said he, “is this you? Are you going to Sabbath School?”

“Yes,” said Janson. “Are you?”

“Yes,” replied Caleb.

“I never saw you at our school,” said Janson.

“No,” said Caleb, “I have been away in the country, a great while.”

“What class are you going to be in, then?” said Janson.

“I don’t know,” said Caleb.

“Then go with me, and be in my class,” said Janson.

“Will the teacher let me?” asked Caleb.

“O, yes,” replied Janson; “she always says we may bring scholars into our class.”

Just at this moment the boys turned round a corner into a sort of passage-way which led to the door of the great brick school-house, where the Sunday School was held. It was a large building, two stories high. They went up some steps, and just as they were going in at the door, Caleb perceived that Janson held a small paper in his hand, clasping it around his crutch. It was neatly folded. Caleb asked him what it was.

“It is my exercise,” said Janson.

But they were now in a crowd of children and teachers who were going in. From the entry they went up a flight of stairs, which led to the great school-room, in the second story. Janson had to go slow, and so Caleb went slow so as to keep near him.

They came into a very large room, nearly filled with long ranges of desks extending from one side to the other. These seats were nearly filled with scholars, and there was a teacher near each class. Janson led the way to one of the side aisles between the rows of desks, and Caleb followed. He walked along towards one of the back seats, and there a young lady, who was seated at the head of a little class, smiled when she saw Janson coming, and said,

“Good morning, Janson. This is a pleasant day for Sunday School, is n’t it? But who is this with you?”

“I don’t know,” said Janson, “what his name is. I found him coming to school, and so I asked him to come into our class.”

“My name is Caleb,” said Caleb to the teacher.

“I am glad to see you, Caleb,” said she. And then she asked him what his father’s name was, and where he lived, and whether he was coming to the school constantly. Caleb told her that he had been in the country, spending the summer ; and that perhaps he should go there again soon. So the teacher said that she would state the case to the superintendent, and ask him to allow Caleb to remain in her class as long as he should stay in town.

So Caleb took his seat, and presently the school was opened.

For some time the whole school attended to some general exercises, which were conducted by the superintendent ; but after that, the time came for the several teachers to take charge of their classes. So Janson’s teacher took her place in front of the class, and asked them if any of them had written the exercise she had given them.

“Here is mine,” said Janson, handing her his paper.

There were two other boys in the class older and larger than Janson.

“Did you write it, Charles ?” said the teacher, turning to one of the boys.

“No,” said he, “I had not any time.”

“Did you, James?”

“No, ma’am;” said James; “I didn’t know how.”

“Well, we will read Janson’s, and, perhaps, after you have heard his, you will understand better the next time how to do it. But first,” she continued, “I must explain the plan to the new scholar. You see, Caleb,” she added, turning to him, “I proposed to the boys that they should write an exercise in the course of the week, and bring it in to me to-day. I explained a verse to them as well as I could, and then I proposed that they should write down upon a paper, first the verse itself, and then the meaning of it as they understood it, and also any thing else they might think of, to say about it; and this is Janson’s.”

So the teacher opened Janson’s paper, and read as follows:—

“‘Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.’”

“This text means that if any body has done wrong, we should forgive them, and not be angry with them. There is a reason for this. The reason is, ‘considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.’ The reason is founded on ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’ If you had done wrong, should you like to have another boy *scold* at you?”

“Very well,” said the teacher, after reading Janson’s exercise. “That is very well. I think it is very useful for you to take an exercise like this, for it enables you to understand the texts a great deal better, and fixes the meaning of them in your minds. Now I will hear you recite your other lessons, and then I will explain another verse to you, and you may write an exercise upon it next week, if you like.”

Accordingly, after she had heard them recite their other lessons, she opened her little morocco Bible, and asked the boys all to attend while she explained a verse to them.

“Here is a good one,” said Charles, holding his Testament out to the teacher, and pointing to a verse.

The teacher read it aloud. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Yes," said she, "that is a very good verse, — an excellent verse; but it is very easy and plain in its meaning. I want to find one which you would not be likely to understand very well yourselves. I selected one this morning, and put a mark in."

So the teacher opened to her mark, and read the following verse: —

"'For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.' It is in the First of Thessalonians, fifth chapter, ninth and tenth verses."

"That is two verses," said Janson.

"Yes," said the teacher; "but then they are closely connected together, so as to make only one sentence. Now I will explain it to you. 'For God hath not appointed us to *wrath*;' — What do you suppose *wrath* means, boys?" she asked, looking around upon the class.

"It means *hell*," said Janson, solemnly.

"Yes," said the teacher; "or, rather, perhaps it means all the sorrows and sufferings,

both in this world and in the other, which come from sin. *The wrath of God*, as it is used in the Bible, does not mean angry passion, but that just displeasure which leads him to punish sin. He punishes sin by remorse and anguish in this world, as well as in another. Now, God has not *appointed* us to wrath. That is, he has not made us and intended us to plunge ourselves in sin and sorrow. If I should see a boy growing up a vicious boy, breaking God's commands, disobeying his parents, and going on towards misery and wretchedness, I might say to him, 'This is not the way that God has *appointed* for you. He has not intended you for sin and suffering. You are in the wrong road, — God has designed for you a different way altogether.'

“ ‘But to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Even if you have already committed great sins, and brought yourself under the wrath and curse of God's law, still, he does not wish you to go on in suffering it. He has not appointed you to wrath ; that is not the destiny He has marked out for you. His desire is that you should be forgiven, through Jesus Christ, who died for you.”

When the teacher had got thus far, she observed that Charles's eyes appeared to be wandering, and that his countenance had a vacant expression. So she was afraid that he was not attending.

"Now, Charles," said she, addressing herself particularly to him, so as to recall his attention, "once I lived in a house with a small boy, whose name was Charles, the same as yours. He was quite a small boy. One evening, after he had been in bed some time, I went into his little room, and I found him awake, and restless, and apparently very unhappy. I asked him what it was that troubled him. He said he had told a falsehood that day to his mother, and he felt very wretched, and could not go to sleep. I told him that I was very sorry. 'And now, Charles,' I said to him, 'the remorse and anguish of mind which you suffer, is caused by God's displeasure against such sin. He has formed us so, that, if we sin, we must be miserable until our sins are forgiven. That is the wrath of God, his just punishment of sin. But now, Charles, you need not lie here suffering this wrath of God any longer. You are not *appointed* unto

wrath ; that is not God's plan for you. His design and appointment for you are, that you should obtain forgiveness through Jesus Christ, who died for you. So, all you have got to do, is, as soon as I have gone, to kneel down by your bedside, and confess your sin to God, and ask him to forgive you for Christ's sake, who died for you on purpose that you might be forgiven and saved from just such sufferings as these.'

"Then I went away, and Charles did as I had recommended to him ; and about a quarter of an hour afterwards I looked in to his room again, to ask him if he felt relieved at all from his burden, and I found that he was fast asleep with his cheek upon his hand."

Just at this moment, Caleb heard a little bell sounding at the superintendent's desk. The teacher said that that was the signal for the lessons to be closed, and so she could not explain the rest of the verse at that time. "So you may only write about the part that I have explained."

"But I don't think I can remember what you have said," replied Caleb.

"O, I don't expect you will write that,"

said the teacher. "What I have said is only meant to help you to understand the verse, and you may write any thing you think, yourselves, about it."

Just then the bell struck a second time ; and then, in a moment after, the superintendent rose, and began to read a hymn. The scholars all stood up to sing it, and then the school was dismissed.

That afternoon, when Caleb came home from church, he went up into the nursery, and, taking his Testament, he sat down at the little desk by the window, and prepared to write his exercise. When he sat down, he did not know what he should say ; but he supposed that perhaps he should think of something when he got ready to begin. So he opened his Testament at the right place, and laid it down upon his desk, with a book across it to keep it open. Then he took out a piece of paper about as big as that which Janson's exercise had been written upon, and a pen,—and began to think what to say. Mary was playing about the room ; but he did not pay any attention to her, though, after he

had written one or two sentences, very slowly and laboriously, she came to him with a couple of books under her arms, and looked up to him with a roguish smile, saying,

“Do you want to buy any books, sir?”

“No, sir,” said Caleb, just glancing a look at her, and still trying to think what to say next.

“No, you must say, ‘Yes, sir,’” said Mary.

“Well, yes, sir.”

And so Caleb took the books which Mary handed to him, and making a little bow to her, he added,

“Thank you, sir.”

“No,” said Mary; “you must say, ‘You are obliged to, sir.’”

Caleb laughed at Mary’s mistake.

“You mean,” he replied, “I must say, ‘I am much obliged to you, sir;’ but now you go away, and sell your books to Mrs. Wood, for I want to write.”

Mary then ran away, and Caleb went on. He could not write very well, and he had to print some of the letters in his exercise; but at last he got it finished, just before the tea-

bell rang. He had time, however, to carry it to Mrs. Wood, and ask her if she thought it would do. She said she thought that it would do very well ; though she advised him to learn how to write all the letters in it, and then to copy it again handsomely in the course of the week. And this Caleb thought would be an excellent plan.

CHAPTER VII.

MONDAY MORNING.

THE next morning Caleb was waked by hearing a roaring sound. He thought the house was on fire, and he started up suddenly. He found himself in the nursery, in his little trundle-bed, at the foot of the great bed. He looked around the room, and found that the roaring sound was produced by a fire in the grate. There was a sort of covering of sheet iron, with a handle in the middle of it, put up over the grate, called a *blower*. It is very common in the cities and large towns, where grates and coals are used; but many children in the country have never seen one. It is called a *blower*, because, when it is put up against the grate, it makes the air draw up very strongly through the fire, and that makes the fire burn very fiercely, with a roaring sound. Mrs. Wood had

built the fire, and she was now standing out near the windows, putting up the curtains.

“Mrs. Wood,” said Caleb, “did you build the fire?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Wood; “it is pretty cold this morning.”

“You will have your blower red hot, if you don’t take care.”

“I am going to take it down,” said she.

So saying, she went to the grate, and took down the blower. Then Caleb saw a bright and blazing fire of coal. It was bituminous coal, not anthracite; and bituminous coal burns with a very bright flame, and it makes a great smoke in the chimney.

So Caleb lay still a few minutes, thinking what he should do for amusement that day. He was sorry that Dwight had gone back, because now he had nobody to play with. Then he thought of Janson, and wished that he had a pair of trucks, to carry to his father’s to be painted. And while he was trying to think of something else to carry, Mrs. Wood asked him if it was not time for him to get up.

“Has the first bell rung?” asked Caleb.

At Caleb's father's, there was a bell rung half an hour before breakfast time, and another when breakfast was ready. And so Caleb always knew, when he heard the first bell ring, that it was time for him to get up.

The first bell had not rung; but it was nearly time for it to ring, and so Caleb got up, and began to dress himself. Mary was still asleep, in the great bed. Presently, however, she awoke too, and Mrs. Wood dressed her; and when both of the children were ready to go down stairs, Mrs. Wood took her seat in her great arm-chair, which she had drawn up to the fire, and took Caleb in her lap.

"Well, Caleb," said she, "now you begin another week."

"Yes," said Caleb.

"And I hope you will have a prosperous and a happy time of it."

"Yes," said Caleb. "And there are three things I am glad of, about yesterday;—I thought of them last night, just before I went to sleep."

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Wood.

"Why, first, that I did not go and get the

hawkies ; and, second, that I taught Mary her verse ; and, third, that I wrote my exercise."

"Yes, I am glad too," said Mrs. Wood.

"There's a great deal of satisfaction in having done right," said Caleb.

"And some danger," said Mrs. Wood.

"Danger !" said Caleb, looking up suddenly in Mrs. Wood's face ; "danger in doing right ! What danger ?"

"Danger of being puffed up with pride, as if we had performed some very good deeds."

The truth was, that Caleb *was* a little more pleased with himself than he ought to have been, at the thoughts of what he had done the day before ; and when Mrs. Wood spoke in this manner to him, he felt a little self-condemned. He did not, however, know exactly what to say, and so he looked down again into the fire, and was silent.

"Now, Caleb," resumed Mrs. Wood, in a very kind tone ; "I don't know that you are proud of your good deeds at all. I only know that I am myself apt to be, and I thought it possible that you might be too. So I want to ask you one or two questions, if you would like to have me."

“Well,” said Caleb, “I should.”

“Should you have gone and got the hawkies yesterday, or not, if I had not talked with you about it?”

“Yes, I should, I suppose,” said Caleb.

“And should you have taught Mary her verse?”

Caleb shook his head, but did not reply.

“And if the teacher at the Sabbath School had not asked you to write the exercise, should you have done it, or any such thing?”

“No,” said Caleb, “I don’t think I should.”

“Then you see,” continued Mrs. Wood, “that if you had been left to yourself, you would not have done any of these things. Now, God placed you in circumstances to bring these influences upon you. And then I think it is he that inclined your heart to do these things; so that you must thank him, not yourself, for them all. If he had left you to yourself, you would not have performed one of them.”

Caleb perceived that this was all true.

His goodness seemed far less worthy of credit, than it had done before.

There was then a short pause. Mrs. Wood left him undisturbed, that he might reflect a little upon the subject.

“Now, Caleb, this should keep you from feeling proud of your goodness, but should not make you feel any the less happy on account of it.”

“Why not?” said Caleb.

“Why, if you feel that God has himself kept you back from temptation, and led you to do your duty, you will feel humble and lowly in heart, and that is a much happier feeling than pride. Then, besides, you will feel safer for the future, — for if you perceive that God was helping you yesterday, it would seem that he loves you, and is looking over you, and that he will continue to take care of you, and keep you from sin.

“So, I think,” continued Mrs. Wood, “that you do right to be pleased and happy that God kept you from breaking the Sabbath, yesterday; but you must remember all the time, that in all your goodness, ‘it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do,’

and so be humble-minded, and thankful to him ; and always remember that if God leaves you to yourself, you will certainly, at any time, yield to temptation, and fall into sin."

Here the second bell rang, which was the signal for them all to go down, into the basement, to family prayers, which immediately preceded breakfast. Upon hearing it, Mary jumped up from her play, and ran to Caleb, saying,

"Come, Caleb, come ; we must go down now. Dinner is ready."

"No," said Caleb, "not dinner—breakfast. We don't have dinner in the morning. It is morning now, and we are going to have breakfast, and after breakfast I am going out to get my hawkies."

Accordingly, after breakfast, Caleb went down into the kitchen, and got his chair, and with a good deal of effort succeeded in carrying it out to the back of the yard.

"Here, here !" called out a voice behind him. Caleb turned round to see who it was. It was Alfred, his father's hired man, who was then at work in the shed.

"What now, Caleb?" said Alfred.

“O, I am going to get these hawkies.”

“O, yes,” said Alfred, “they are for you and Dwight. The man who was at work here the other day, told me to tell you, and I forgot it.”

While Alfred was speaking, Caleb was planting his chair close to the wall, and clambering up in it. Standing on tiptoe, he could just look upon the top; but, to his surprise and inexpressible disappointment, the hawkies were gone!

Caleb stood upon the chair a moment, utterly confounded. “O dear me,” said he, “now what has become of those hawkies?” The tears came into his eyes. He brushed them away, and walked slowly back into the house. At the door, under the back piazza, he met Mrs. Wood.

“Well, Caleb,” said she, “can’t you get the hawkies?”

“They’re gone,” said Caleb, in a desponding tone.

“Gone?” said Mrs. Wood; “where are they gone?”

“I don’t know,” said Caleb; “but they are gone.”

He put the chair back into the kitchen, and went up stairs to the nursery. He took his place at his little desk by the window. The window was shut ; but still he could look out, and see the whole top of the wall from one end to the other. The hawkies were no where to be seen.

Mrs. Wood just then came in, and, as she was busy here and there, about the room, she heard Caleb say, with a sigh,

“ O dear me, how sorry I am ! ”

“ Sorry for what ? ” said Mrs. Wood.

“ Why, that the hawkies are gone.”

“ O, I did not know but that you meant you were sorry that you did not go and get them yesterday.”

“ Why, no,” said Caleb, “ I am not sorry for that. But I am very sorry that they are gone.”

“ *I* am not very sorry,” said Mrs. Wood.

“ Not sorry ! ” said Caleb, looking up with surprise. “ Why not ? ”

“ On the whole,” said Mrs. Wood, “ I think I am rather glad.”

“ Glad ! ” said Caleb.

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Wood ; “ for now you have a fair specimen of what you are to ex-

pect in obeying God. If you had found the hawkies safe, this morning, and had had a good time playing with them, it would perhaps have led you to expect that obedience to God's commands would hereafter not cost you any sacrifice."

"But you told me yesterday," said Caleb, "that, if I should keep the Sabbath day holy, I should be all the happier for it."

"So you will; and always, if you obey God's commands, you will be in a far happier state of mind, than if you disobey him. Still, you will often lose very valuable things by it."

"Shall I?" said Caleb.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Wood. "The source of happiness in obeying God, is in the very pleasure of obeying him, who has been so kind and good to you; and sometimes, if you lose something by it, it actually increases the pleasure."

"*Increases* the pleasure!" said Caleb; "how?"

"Why, when we think how kind God has been to us, and how ungrateful and disobedient we have been towards him, there is

sometimes a kind of pleasure in actually giving up something to please him."

Caleb did not answer. He sat still, musing upon what Mrs. Wood had said. He thought it was true. And after a little time he rose from his seat, saying in a pleasant tone,

"Well, I don't care much about my hawkies, after all."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE HAWKIES.

As the readers of this book will probably like to know how the hawkies happened to disappear so suddenly, I may as well tell them, though it will lead me into rather a long story.

At the same time that Caleb was going to Sunday School, on the morning when he first spied the hawkies on the wall, two other boys were walking along upon one of the sidewalks together, in one of the streets near. They had been sent to Sunday School too; but as it was a very pleasant morning, they concluded not to go, but to play about the streets instead. They were bad boys, disobedient to their parents, and profane and impure in their language. They sauntered slowly along, talking about what they should do. Their names were Fritz and Davy.

“Let’s go down on to Long Wharf,” said

Davy to Fritz, "and see the Minerva ; she got in, yesterday."

"They won't let us go aboard," said Fritz, rather pettishly.

"Yes, they will," answered Davy.

"They won't," said Fritz.

"I say, they will. I know they will," replied Davy, positively. "The Captain isn't there to-day."

"Well," said Fritz, who was a short, stout-built boy, with frizzled hair, and an old cap upon his head, "the Minerva does not lie at Long Wharf—she is away down to Granite Wharf."

"Well, let's go there, then," said Davy.

"No," said Fritz, "the old North-enders are all about there, and they'll stone us."

"Ho!" said Davy, in a tone of contempt, "who's afraid of the North-enders?"

Just then a stage-coach passed by, lumbering along through the streets. It had just arrived in town, with passengers, from the country, though stage-coaches very seldom come in at that hour, on the Sabbath. Most of the passengers had been left at their respective homes ; there were, however, two

yet in the coach, and their trunks were still fastened upon the rack behind; the end of the broad strap, by which they were secured, trailed along upon the pavement.

The instant that Fritz caught sight of this, he darted off of the side-walk, and ran out to the coach, beckoning Davy, who was rather of a slower cast of character, to follow. Davy accordingly ran after him, and caught hold of the strap, and ran along with Fritz. They presently leaped up and took their seats upon the trunks, and rode along very coolly, the driver not knowing that they were there. The stage, after turning one or two corners, happened to come at length into the very street which passed along behind the yard of Caleb's house; and just before they reached it, Fritz stood up upon the trunks, and peeped slyly over the top of the coach, towards the driver's seat, to see if the driver was looking at him.

After standing here a minute or two, gazing about, they arrived opposite the house that Caleb lived in, and, as they were passing by, Fritz's eyes happened to fall upon the hawkies lying upon the wall. He was stand-

ing up so high upon the trunks that he could see them very plainly. He looked at them a moment, and supposed that some boy, who lived at that house, had put them up there, in order to hide them, and so keep them safe : and he immediately conceived the design of getting them for him and Davy. So he clambered down, and carefully let himself off, by the strap, upon the pavement, calling upon Davy to follow.

The coach was going along so rapidly that he did not have time to explain to Davy what his object was ; so he simply called out to him to get off ; running along by the side-walk a little to keep up, as the coach went on.

But Davy did not seem disposed to get off. He wanted to have his ride out, and Fritz, seeing no other mode of effecting his purpose, called out to the coachman to "cut behind." The driver looked round, and then reaching out to one side, gave a long cut with his lash, away behind the coach. The snapper curled round upon Davy's neck, right behind his ears, just as he was letting himself down from the trunks. For as soon

as he heard Fritz call to the driver to "cut behind," he began to get off as fast as he could.

Davy almost fell down by the shock of coming so suddenly to the pavement, and his neck smarted and tingled with the pain. He was very angry with Fritz indeed. He ran after him with a countenance expressive of rage and fury. He tried to find stones and clubs to throw at him, but could not. It was cruel, it is true, for Fritz to treat him so; but it was all that he had a right to expect. The wicked have no mercy for each other.

After a while, Fritz succeeded in pacifying Davy, so as to tell him about the hawkies. He then got Davy up to the wall, and told him to stoop down with his hands upon his knees. Fritz then climbed up upon his back, and stood upon his shoulders, holding on by the wall above. In this way he could reach over the top of the wall, and draw the hawkies down. As soon as the boys got possession of them, each took one, and they ran off as fast as they could go.

They took a wide circuit around through

the streets, and came out, at length, upon the Mall, near the bottom of the Common.

“Now,” said Fritz to Davy, “we will have a game of drive.”

So he took a small ball out of his pocket, and laid it down upon the gravel walk, and told Fritz to run along ahead. Then with his hawky he knocked the ball along towards Davy, and Davy tried to stop it with his hawky, as it rolled swiftly towards him. He then knocked it back towards Fritz, and so they knocked it to and fro, each boy trying to knock it beyond the other boy, as far as he could, and yet to prevent its going by himself. Now Davy was the largest and strongest boy, but Fritz was the most adroit and skilful. And so Fritz knocked it by Davy, oftener than Davy could knock it by Fritz. Thus Fritz drove, and, after about an hour, he had driven him across to the other corner of the Common, near to the place where Dwight and Caleb first came in sight of it, on coming into town over the mill-dam.

Here Fritz put the ball in his pocket, and the boys began to walk along in one of the streets. They came pretty soon to a great

gate in a high wall, which was open. They looked in, and saw a pleasant little yard there. The name PARKER was printed upon a little tin plate upon the gate. The boys looked about here a minute or two, and then walked on.

The next thing that attracted the boys' attention was a sort of store or shop, that looked like an apothecary's. The shutters were partly open, and the boys could see large globes and jars, full of green, blue, and red liquids, in at the window. Fritz peeped in, as he passed by, and said he saw great jars full of candy in there.

"I move we get some," said Fritz.

"*I* haven't got any money," said Davy; "have you?"

"No; but I can tell you a way to get them without money," replied Fritz.

"How?" said Davy.

Fritz then explained to Davy that his plan was this:—"We will go," said he, "round another street, and come down by Mr. Parker's, and then you go from there into the apothecary's, and ask them to give you two ounces of hoarhound candy, and two ounces

of peppermints, for Mr. Parker, and he will give them to you, and then you can carry them into Mr. Parker's yard; and so, even if the apothecary's girl should watch you, she would think it is all right."

"The apothecary's girl?" said Davy.

"Yes," said Fritz; "there is nobody but a girl in there."

"Well," said Davy, after thinking of it a moment, "that is a good plan; but why don't you go yourself? What do you send me for?"

"Why," said Fritz, "I contrived the plan, and that is my part. It is no more than fair that you should go."

Fritz thought that, by this plan, in case they should be detected, nobody but Davy could be punished, as he would be the one that would actually do the deed. But he was mistaken, as the result showed.

Davy, at length, reluctantly consented. He walked along from Mr. Parker's to the apothecary's, and, going in, told the girl that Mr. Parker wanted him to come and buy two ounces of hoarhound candy, and two ounces of peppermints, for his little boy who was

sick. The girl hesitated a moment, but supposing that he told the truth, she weighed out the articles, put them up in papers, and gave them to Davy. Davy told her to charge them to Mr. Parker, and then went out.

As he went out, the girl observed that he had a hawk in his hand. Now, although it was very natural for a wicked boy, idling about the streets on the Sabbath, to have a hawk in his hand, it was not very likely that a good boy, sent by Mr. Parker for something to be used as a medicine, would bring such an instrument with him; so the girl's suspicions were aroused.

She accordingly went immediately into a room back of the shop, and called her father; and she told him the whole story as rapidly as she could, while she brought him along towards the door.

In the mean time Fritz was watching, round a corner. He saw Davy come out of the store, with the parcels in his hands, and supposed that all was safe. He waited a minute or two, until Davy was just going into Mr. Parker's yard, and then as he saw nobody watching him at the apothecary's, and

was very eager to get his share of the spoil, he immediately ran in after him; and the apothecary reached the door with his daughter, just in time to see the two boys go in together, their hawkies in their hands.

The apothecary caught his hat, and ran across the street after them. He appeared at the gate, so as to confront the boys, just as they were coming out. He seized them immediately by the collar, one in each hand, before they had time to run, and dragged them out very roughly into the street. The boys were excessively frightened. They did not know what to do or say. The apothecary did not speak, but went on, dragging them along, — they hanging back, and beginning to cry. He told them to throw down their sticks. They did so, just as he was pulling them off from the side-walk into the street, to take them across to his store.

The boys soon began to cry more and more, and to beg that he would let them go. But the apothecary made no reply; in fact, he took no notice of their supplications whatever. When he got them into the store, he sent his daughter over to Mr. Parker's to ask

him if he had sent any boys over to his store, that afternoon, to buy any thing. Mr. Parker sent word back that he had not. Then the apothecary sent for a police officer.

The boys waited for some time in fear and trembling. At length, a rough-looking man came, and tied their hands behind them with a strong cord, tight. He then told them to march along before him.

In this way they had to go through several streets, until they came to a large brick building, where the officer took them in. He led them into a dark and gloomy room, which was the watch-house, and locked them up there.

Here the boys had to stay all that night, and the next morning they were carried before the court, to be tried; and both were sentenced to go to the House of Correction. Fritz was sent as well as Davy; for it was proved that he was Davy's accomplice in the crime, and, in the view of the law, just as guilty.

On that morning too, about the time that the boys' trial was coming on, a poor woman came walking along the street, near the apoth-

ecary's, picking up all the sticks, and bits of paper, and every thing that was combustible, that she could find, to make her fire with. Her eye fell upon the two hawkies, as they lay pretty near together, down by the edge of the side-walk. She seized them with great avidity, considering them quite a prize. She laid one end of each upon the curb stone of the side-walk, while the other end rested upon the pavement, and then, putting her foot upon the middle, and resting her whole weight upon it, she broke them in two, first one, and then the other ; and all four pieces were burnt up that evening. And that was the end of the hawkies.

CHAPTER IX.

CALEB'S STORY.

ONE morning, after breakfast, Caleb was sitting in his little chair by the side of the fire, in his mother's parlor. It was not very cold, and there was not much fire. The smoke and flame were bursting out, however, a little from among the pieces of coal, black, smooth, and shining, which filled the grate. His mother had drawn up her work table on one side of the fire, and had taken out her work. Caleb was reading a book.

Just at this time, Mary came out of a china closet, which opened into the back parlor, drawing her little wagon full of blocks. It was a pretty little wagon, made of mahogany, and with brass wheels. The sides were open, so that Caleb could see the blocks between the slender bars. It was heaped up very full.

Mary hauled the wagon along until she got it before the fire, and then turned the whole load over upon the carpet. She then sat down by the side of the blocks, and began to build what she called a train of railroad cars. It consisted of a long row of little structures, with a large one at the head for a locomotive. After she had them all arranged, she jingled a little bell which her mother had lent her for this purpose, and began to say, "Choo-choo-choo-choo," in imitation of the sound made by the locomotive when the train of cars starts off from the station. This was what she and Caleb called "playing cars." Caleb taught her to play cars.

Presently, Caleb laid down his book, and got down upon the carpet with Mary, and played cars with her for some time. But they did not agree very well. Caleb wanted Mary to play his way, and Mary wanted Caleb to play her way. Once or twice, when they began to dispute, their mother spoke to them.

"Caleb," she said, at one time, "don't trouble Mary."

"Why, mother," he replied, "she does not play right. I am only showing her how to fix them right."

Then all was quiet for a minute or two; but presently their mother would hear discordant voices again.

"Children," said she, "be pleasant."

"I want it here," said Mary to Caleb, in an impatient tone, pulling, at the same time, upon the blocks.

"No," replied Caleb, pulling in his turn, "no; that is not the place for the locomotive."

"Caleb," said his mother, "let her have them just as she pleases."

"But, mother," said Caleb, "she is going to have the locomotive behind the cars, and it ought to be before them."

"O, it's no matter," replied his mother; "let Mary amuse herself in her own way."

"Why, yes, mother, it is very important; for the cars will run off of the track if the locomotive is behind."

Their mother did not answer, but went on with her sewing, — apparently thinking of something else. The children got along pret-

ty peaceably for ten minutes, when they got into another discussion more serious than any before, and at last their mother had to call Caleb away. She told him that he had done very wrong to go and disturb Mary when she was there playing very pleasantly by herself.

“Why, mother,” said Caleb, “I only went to help her.”

“O, no, Caleb,” said his mother.

“Why, yes, mother, I did, certainly,” said Caleb, with a positive air and manner; “she was not playing right.”

“That is what older children very often say,” she replied, “when they trouble younger ones; but I think that if you look at it candidly, you will see that you were pursuing your own amusement, not hers.”

Caleb did not answer; but he felt conscious that his mother was right.

“She was busily employed,” continued his mother, “amusing herself with her own playthings, and you went and unjustly deprived her of the enjoyment of them, in order to gratify your own ideas and feelings.”

Caleb was silent.

“That is selfishness, — seeking your own

gratification to the disregard of others' rights. Now, I advise you not to have such a spirit as that, but try to do some good to Mary, even if it makes you some trouble, instead of troubling her to make enjoyment for yourself."

Caleb was silent ; but he secretly resolved to follow his mother's advice. He looked at Mary again, to see what she was doing. She appeared to be tired of her blocks, and was putting them back in her wagon to haul them away. She was always obliged to put her blocks carefully away, whenever she had done playing with them.

" Mary," said Caleb, " should not you like to have me help you put your blocks away ? "

" Yes," said Mary.

So Caleb kneeled down upon the carpet, and helped put the blocks into the wagon. Then he walked along, and let Mary draw them to the closet. He would have liked to draw them himself ; but he perceived that she wished to do it, and so he walked along by her side.

When the wagon was put into its place in the closet, the children walked out together

again. Caleb was anxious to make some amends to Mary for the injustice that he had done to her, and so he said,

“Well, Mary, and now what should you like to have me do for you?”

“Why, I should like to have you tell me a story,” said Mary.

Caleb used often to take Mary up into his lap, and tell her stories. Sometimes they were true, and sometimes fictitious. Mary was not very particular; she liked any thing that was a story.

“Well, Mary, I will.”

So he led her along to his chair, and lifted her into his lap. Mary was a very little child, and he could hold her pretty easily.

“What shall the story be about, Mary?” said Caleb.

“O,” said Mary, “about a cow.”

“Well,” said Caleb, “I will tell you a story about a cow. Once there was a cow, and her name was White-horn. She lived in a farmer’s yard.

“One day she said to herself, ‘I don’t see why they never let me go into the house. I am sober, and steady, and still: I never make

any noise, nor trouble any body at all. I think they might let me go into the kitchen sometimes.'

"Just then she happened to feel thirsty, for it was a very warm summer's day.

" 'O,' said she, 'I know where to get some drink. I will go to the tub.'

"So she went to the great tub under the pump, at the corner of the yard; but there was no water in it. She put her nose down into the tub, but there was no water there — not a drop.

" 'Ah,' said she, 'the water is all gone. I am afraid it is all dried up. What shall I do? I wish I could pump.'

"Then she walked along to the kitchen door. The door was open. She looked in. She said, 'I wonder why they will never let me go into the kitchen. I should like to know what the farmer's wife keeps in there.'

"So she stood at the door, with her feet upon the great flat stone which was placed there for a step. She looked in. She saw a great many wonderful things; at least, they looked very wonderful to a cow. There was

a great tin-kitchen down before the fire, with some meat in it, roasting. Old White-horn wondered what it could be. She thought it must be some sort of milk-pail. She had never seen any thing of tin except a milk-pail.

“‘O, what a great fire!’ thought the cow. ‘I wonder what they make a fire for, this hot day. I’m sure I don’t want a fire.’

“Then she looked around the room to see if there was any thing there that she did want. There was a sink in one corner. In the sink there was a pail.

“‘Ah,’ thought Madam White-horn, ‘that is the thing for me. If that pail is only full of water! It will be just enough for a drink. I have a great mind to go in and see. I will walk in very softly, and so not make the least noise.’

“So she began to step along into the kitchen. She tried to walk very softly, but her feet were very hard; and they went *knock, knock, knock*, along the floor. She was frightened to hear what a noise she made. She could always walk softly on the

ground, and she wondered what made her feet make such a noise now upon the floor.

"However, she went on to the sink, and put her great round nose into the water-pail, and drank, and drank, until she had drank it up.

"But now, Mary, where do you suppose the farmer's wife was all this time?" said Caleb, interrupting himself in his story.

"I don't know," answered Mary, wondering where she could be.

"Why, she was up in the chamber," said Caleb, "sweeping the floor. She heard a very heavy tread down in the kitchen, and came running down to see what it could be. When she opened the kitchen door, there she saw old White-horn just drinking up the last mouthful of water.

"So she ran after her, with her broom, to drive her out. The poor cow turned around as quick as she could, and walked along back to the door, and then out, — the farmer's wife after her, banging her on the back all the way."

Here Caleb paused, and looked down into Mary's face with a smile.

“Now tell some more,” said Mary.

“No,” said Caleb, “that is all.”

So Caleb put Mary down, and she went up stairs to the nursery, and Caleb came back, and sat down upon the cricket with his mother.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLANNEL GARDEN.

ONE morning, after Caleb had studied his lesson, and recited it to his mother, she told him that he might, if he chose, go out into the yard, and play.

“What shall I play, mother?” said Caleb.

“O, I don’t know,” said his mother. “You have plays enough, have not you?”

“No, mother, I have not enough in Boston, where there is nothing but a little stony yard to play in. I wish you would let me go and play in the street.”

“I don’t like to have you play in the street, very well, — there are so many bad boys. I think you can find something to play in the yard. What did you use to play in the country?”

“O, I used to make a little garden; that was good play. But I cannot make any garden here. There is not any room.”

"It is possible to make a little garden in the house."

"In the house?" said Caleb.

"Yes," said his mother.

"How do they make 'em?" said Caleb.

"Why, one way," replied the mother, "is to take a tumbler, and fill it full of water; then spread a little soft cotton over the top of the water. The cotton is light, and it will float. Then put some seeds upon the top of the cotton, and, after a few days, they will sprout and grow. Long white roots will run down into the water, and the tops will come out into the air."

"Will they?" said Caleb.

"Yes; and there are several advantages which such a garden as this has over all other gardens."

"What?" said Caleb.

"Why, in the first place, when you plant the seeds, they do not go out of sight. You can watch them all the time. You can see them when they first begin to sprout and burst open their coverings. And then you can see the little root run down, and the leaves come up.

“ Besides,” she continued, “ they grow much faster in this kind of garden, than in common gardens. They begin to grow almost immediately, and get up quite high in a very few days.”

“ And how soon do they have flowers on them ? ” said Caleb.

“ Why, — you can hardly expect flowers in such a kind of garden as this,” said his mother. “ The plants won’t grow very large.”

“ O, but I shall want some flowers to grow,” said Caleb.

“ Why, if you had a real garden,” said his mother, “ the flowers would not come out before it would be time for you to go into the country.”

“ That is true,” said Caleb.

During this conversation, Caleb had been sitting with his mother near a window. She was at work. The sun was shining in pleasantly. This made him think to ask his mother if it would be necessary for him to put his floating garden in the sun.

“ You must put it where it will be warm,” said she. “ The two things essential to vegetation are warmth and moisture.”

“ Warmth and moisture ? ” repeated Caleb.

“ Yes,” said his mother. “ If you keep seeds dry, whether warm or cold, they will remain a long time just as they are. If you keep them wet and cold, they will rot ; if wet and warm, they will vegetate.”

“ Vegetate ? ”

“ Yes, begin to grow. First, they put out a little root, which runs down. When it first appears, we call it a *sprout*. Then, most kinds of seeds split open, and each half becomes a little leaf ; and they come up in a pair, above the ground.”

“ Well, mother, I believe I will have a water garden, — if I could only get some seeds to plant in it.”

“ O, we have got plenty of seeds in the house.”

“ Have we ? What kind ? ” said Caleb.

“ O, a great many kinds.”

“ What do you keep so many seeds for ? ” asked Caleb.

“ Why, we use them for a good many purposes. In fact, almost every thing we use in the house for food is seed.”

“Why, mother!” said Caleb.

“It is really so,” she added. “There is wheat,—that is a seed.”

“But we do not eat wheat,” said Caleb.

“No, but we eat flour, which is only the seeds of wheat ground up. Then, meal is made of the seeds of corn. Beans are seeds, and peas are seeds.”

“I never thought of that before,” said Caleb.

“It is really so,” said his mother. “And so it is with nuts—walnuts, and chestnuts, and almonds, are seeds; even the cocoa-nut is a seed.”

“O, what a great seed!” said Caleb. “Do you think that a cocoa-nut would grow if I should plant it?”

“I don’t know,” said she. “Then the stones of all fruits are seeds,—such as peach-stones, plum-stones, tamarind-stones, and all such stones. Now, you can get all these kind of seeds to plant in your water garden, if you wish.”

“So I can,” said Caleb. “I did not know that there were so many kinds of seeds in the house.”

“Yes, there are even more. I presume we have some mustard and flaxseed; and then there is coffee, — that is a seed.”

“But tea isn’t,” said Caleb.

“No, tea is an exception — it is a leaf.”

“Is pepper a seed?” said Caleb.

“I don’t know,” said his mother, “certainly; but I presume it is; and allspice and cloves, and perhaps even nutmegs.”

“I have got some Guinea peas up in the nursery,” said Caleb; “do you suppose they are seeds?”

“Yes,” said his mother, “I suppose so.”

“And do you think they would grow if I should plant them?”

“I know of no reason why they should not,” replied his mother; “though I could tell better in regard to some of these things if I could examine them.”

“How should you examine them?”

“Why, first, I should soak them a little in warm water, and that would make them swell, and soften. Then, I should cut them open, very carefully, and, if they were seeds, I should expect to find some little place where the sprout would come out; and also that the

whole would easily split into two parts, as most seeds do."

"Raisins are not seeds," said Caleb.

"No, but they have seeds inside."

"So I could get some raisin seeds very easily."

"Yes, and if one of them should grow, you would have a grape vine; — for raisins, you know, are only dried grapes. You could get lemon seeds too, and orange seeds, and then you would have lemon and orange trees."

"But they would not grow much, you said, in the cotton garden."

"No; but if you find that they begin to grow, you can very easily put them out in a flower-pot, and then perhaps they would grow large."

"Well, mother, I mean to try," said Caleb; and he began to go away to get a tumbler.

After moving a few steps, he stopped and said,

"But, mother, one tumbler will not be enough for all these seeds."

"No, it will not," said she; "but then, if you are only going to sprout the seeds, it

may perhaps be as well to adopt some other plan. All that is necessary, you know, is to have warmth and moisture."

"What other plan would be better?" asked Caleb.

"Why, let me think," said his mother, hesitating. "There is no need of having much water below, if you are not going to let the seeds remain to run down into it."

Caleb and his mother talked some time about various plans, and at last they adopted the following, which Caleb got Mrs. Wood to help him execute. He got a square, but shallow tin pan, such as is used for baking cake, and poured some water over the bottom of it. Then Mrs. Wood folded a piece of flannel, so that it would just go into the pan, and Caleb patted it down, until the water had soaked up into it, and wetted it thoroughly. Then he went after his seeds. Mrs. Wood helped him collect them from the different closets in the house. He got a few kernels of each kind; not indeed of all the kinds he could find, but only of such as he had some curiosity about, to see how they would look when they came to grow up high in pots.

He got coffee, and rice, and almonds, and lemon and orange seeds, and raisin seeds, and various kinds of spices. He also got a good many kinds of nuts and stones, which he cracked very carefully, so as to take out the meat whole, which his mother told him was the true seed. He wanted to try a cocoanut; but that would be too large to go into his tin pan.

After collecting all these, he put them carefully into the pan, upon the top of the flannel. Then he covered the whole over with another piece of flannel, according to Mrs. Wood's recommendation. She said she thought that would keep the seeds all moist, and the seeds would be situated more like seeds planted in the ground; for they are generally covered.

When all was ready, he sprinkled a little more water over the upper flannel, and then put the pan away in a warm place, near the kitchen chimney.

When his father came home that day to dinner, Caleb asked him if he would give him some money to buy some flower-pots.

"What for?" said his father.

“Why, I am sprouting some seeds, and I want some flower-pots for them to grow in.”

“How are you sprouting them?” asked his father.

“In my flannel garden.”

“Your flannel garden!” exclaimed his father, with surprise. “I never heard of a flannel garden.”

So Caleb went out into the kitchen, and brought in his pan, and setting it down carefully upon the table, he lifted up the upper flannel very gently, and showed his father all the seeds, spread about very regularly. They were all moist and warm, and some of them were beginning to swell.

“Why, you have got some Guinea peas here ; do you suppose they will grow ?” said his father.

“I don’t know,” replied Caleb. “Mother said they were seeds, and so I hope they will.”

“And what is that ?” said his father, pointing to a pretty large, flat seed, about half as big as an almond.

“That is a peach seed ; it is the meat of a peach-stone. I cracked the stone.”

"Ah!" said his father; "and what is that? That is smaller."

"That is a damson, I believe."

"A damson? Did it come from preserves?"

"Yes," said Caleb; "Mrs. Wood gave it to me."

"That won't grow, then," said his father.

"Why not?" asked Caleb.

"O, because it has been cooked. The damsons were all stewed, and that heats the seeds so hot that it kills them."

"O, I'm sorry," said Caleb; "I wanted a damson-tree very much."

"These are apple seeds, I suppose," said his father, pointing down to some small seeds in a corner, that looked like apple seeds.

"No," said Caleb, "they are quince seeds."

"Quince?" repeated his father. "Then they won't grow any better than the damsons, for they have been preserved."

"Then my tamarind-stones won't grow either," said Caleb, mournfully, pointing to some beautiful, shining tamarind-stones, about the middle of his garden.

"Those have been preserved," said his father; "yes. But then 'seems to me I

have heard that tamarind-stones will grow. Perhaps they are preserved in some such way as raisins are, without being cooked. I don't know how they do it, though you can tell, I suppose, by looking in the Cyclopaedia. Have you got any fig seeds?"

"No, sir," said Caleb.

"A fig is full of them, — if you could only get a fig. I see you have some orange seeds here."

"Yes, and lemon too," said Caleb.

"Yes, — they will grow, I know," said his father.

"How do you know?" asked Caleb. "Did you ever try?"

"No; but I have seen trees about the city which did grow up from seed, which people planted in pots; though I never heard of a flannel garden before."

"Don't you think they will grow in this garden?" asked Caleb.

"I don't know," replied his father. "Perhaps they may sprout, — some of them."

"And then I shall want some pots to plant them in, if they do sprout."

"Well, Caleb," said his father, after think-

ing a minute or two, "I will tell you what I will do. We will wait a few days, and see if your seeds sprout; and then you may go and buy as many flower-pots, — small ones, — as you have different kinds of seeds sprouted. So, if you have good luck, you will get quite a green-house."

Caleb was well satisfied with this; and so he carefully covered up his seeds, and carried back the pan, and put it in its place. He went to it two or three times that day, to peep in, and see if any of his seeds had sprouted; but they had not. He was too impatient. He did not give them time.

In the end, however, the plan succeeded very well. A considerable number of seeds sprouted, so that Caleb's father had to buy him six small flower-pots with saucers. They altogether cost nearly a half a dollar. Caleb filled them up with fine earth, and then carefully planted the sprouted seeds. Some of them died, however, in the earth, even after they had sprouted a little in the pan. When he went away into the country, he left those that lived and grew, under Mrs. Wood's care, to be kept for him in the nursery, up stairs.

There was a lemon-tree, an orange, a chestnut, a fig, and some others. So Caleb found that he could have a garden, even in the city ; and if there are any children who read this, that are sometimes shut up in the house, on rainy days, or because they cannot be permitted to go out into the street, I advise them, instead of making noise and trouble, or being fretful and discontented, to go to work quietly, and make a “ flannel garden.” Caleb always called it his *flannel* garden ; but any other kind of cloth would have done just as well as flannel. All that is essential is warmth and moisture.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOPPING.

ONE morning, after breakfast, Caleb's father rose from the table, and prepared to go away to his store.

"Now, mamma," said he, speaking to Caleb's mother, "I want to have Caleb write a letter to his grandmother to-day. I am going to send up a package to-morrow, and I want to have a little letter go from him."

"I can't write very well," said Caleb.

"No, but you can print, when you do not know how to write the letters. You must do it as well as you can."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will." In fact, he was rather pleased with the idea of writing to his grandmother.

"You will get tired, Caleb, long before you are through; but, still, you must persevere. I want you to write one hour. And you must not begin to reckon the hour until you have

fairly commenced the work. Mother or Mrs. Wood may tell you when the hour is out, and after that you may immediately bring the letter to a close, and so fold and address it, and have it all ready to show to me when I get home."

Caleb's father and mother then talked together a few moments in the entry, before he went away. As soon as his father had gone, Caleb went up to his little desk and got out his writing materials, and went industriously to work. Mrs. Wood was in the room, and answered the questions which he found it necessary to ask about the spelling of some of the words. She also sometimes showed him how to form the letters, so that he did not have to print but very little.

Mrs. Wood told him when the hour was out, and then Caleb folded his letter, and wrote his grandmother's name upon the outside; then, after waiting till the ink was dry, he carried it down, and showed it to his mother.

She said it was done very well. Then she went to her work-table, and opened the drawer; she took out a quarter of a dollar.

“There,” said she, “your father left this money, and he asked me to give it to you, if you should write your letter well, and let you go down into the street, and buy any thing with it you please.”

“O, I shall like that very much,” said Caleb.

So Caleb took his money, put on his hat, and went out.

Some little girls were trundling tall hoops upon the side-walk, and he thought he should like such a one himself. So he asked one of the girls where she bought her hoop. She did not, however, pay any attention to him, but drove on, upon the full run.

Caleb looked after the girls a minute or two, and then walked along. Presently, he turned down towards Washington Street, the street which contains the principal shops. He had not proceeded far, before his attention was attracted by the sound of martial music. It was a company of soldiers, coming towards the Common. They were not in sight where Caleb stood; but he thought that, by going to a corner near by, towards which he saw

the men and boys running, he should be able to see them as they passed ; so he went along as fast as he could go.

Just before he reached the corner, he saw a boy coming out of a yard, with a pail of water in his hand ; it seemed to be very heavy, for the boy leaned over a good deal, the contrary way, in carrying the water. It was not a very large boy.

As soon as this boy came out upon the side-walk, and heard the music, he put down his pail of water, near the edge of the walk, and ran off to see the company ; and he and Caleb stood pretty near together until the soldiers had passed by. They were splendidly dressed ; and there were two bands of music. One consisted of a long row of drummers and fifers ; and then, besides them, there was a larger band, more handsomely dressed, and having all sorts of bright brass instruments — bugles, trumpets, and trombones. For a time, the drums and fifes would play, and the soldiers all march to the sound of their music ; and then suddenly they would stop, and there would burst forth a flood of richer music from the bugles, trum-

pets, and trombones. Caleb was in an ecstasy.

When the soldiers had gone by, Caleb and the others, who had been standing there to see them, began to walk away. The boy, who had left the water-pail upon the sidewalk, was walking back to the place, a few steps in advance of Caleb, and just before he reached it, another large boy, who happened just then to be passing along, and saw the pail full of water standing there, just on the edge of the walk, thought it would be good fun to upset it, and so he pushed it over with his foot, and the water all ran down, the pail tumbling after it, into the gutter. The great boy then ran away, and the little boy, who had lost the water, began to cry.

Caleb went and picked up the pail, and handed it to him.

"Never mind it," said Caleb, to the little boy. "You can get some more water very easily. Besides, I will go and help you get some."

"But they won't give me any more," said the boy.

“ Won’t give you any ! ” said Caleb, with surprise ; “ won’t give you a pail of water ! ”

“ No,” said the boy ; “ they told me I must not come again, for it was aqueduct-water, and they were not allowed to give it away.”

This seemed very strange to Caleb. He supposed that people were always willing to give away water. He never had heard of aqueduct-water, however, and he thought it might possibly be some peculiarly excellent kind of water, which was too valuable to give away.

But the truth was, that as it was a great deal of work to dig wells all over Boston, the people formed the plan of bringing water, from a pond a few miles out of town, in a great pipe laid in the ground. This was called an *aqueduct*. The great pipe was conducted along into the lowest part of the city, for the pond was not very high, and of course the water would not run up to the high parts. Then there were small pipes made to branch off from the large one, to lead to all the houses where the people wanted the water to come ; only they had to pay something for the water to the men that had laid down the

pipes. So the money they received from the people who lived in the houses that the water came to, paid them for their time, and trouble, and expense in making the aqueduct. But then they would not allow the people who had the water to give it away to their neighbors; for the neighbors, if they wanted to use the aqueduct-water, ought to be willing to pay their share of the expense themselves, and have it brought in a small pipe to their own houses.

Now Caleb did not know all this, and so he wondered why they were not willing to give away the aqueduct-water.

“What kind of water is it?” said he.

“O, it is just like any other water.”

“Then why won’t they let you have some?” said Caleb.

“I don’t know,” said the boy.

“I think they’ll give you some more,” said he. “Come, I will go with you.”

So Caleb went in with the boy. He passed under an arch-way, and, at the end of it, found himself in a small yard, where there was a door leading into a kitchen. He and

the boy knocked at the door. A woman came, and asked them what they wanted.

“Why, this boy has lost his water—a great boy kicked it over—and I wish you would be so good as to give him a little more.”

Caleb’s intercession was effectual. Perhaps it was because he spoke in a very pleasant and proper way. Parents generally take a great deal of pains to teach their children gentlemanly manners; for it is a great advantage to them to have such manners, wherever they go. People are always more pleased with them, and are a great deal more likely to comply with their requests.

Caleb helped the boy bring his new pailful of water out into the street, and then he left him. The boy went away, evidently very much relieved; but he did not thank Caleb, or say any thing at all to him, when he went away. However, this made no great difference. Caleb did not go with him to get the water for the sake of being thanked, but for the sake of helping a boy in trouble. He accomplished his object, and he felt much

happier in thinking of the affair, afterwards, than the boy did who had pushed the pail over.

Caleb soon reached Washington Street, and he walked along very much interested in looking into the shop windows. There were a great many curious articles displayed at the windows, and he soon found a multitude of toys, and books, and other things which he wanted to buy. At one window he saw a great many knives, and scissors, and wallets, and pocket-books, of all kinds. There were ivory chess-men, too, elegantly carved — knights, castles, kings, and queens. Some windows were filled with watches; others, with beautifully colored pictures; others, with images, playthings, and toys, of every kind. Then, at one place, Caleb stopped to look at a large collection of flowers, in pots, which stood in a door-way, and out upon the side-walk near the door. He had a great disposition to stop and buy one of these; but, before he decided which he should prefer, his eye caught a great display of fruit in the next window. There were raisins, almonds, dates, filberts, walnuts, &c.,

in boxes, placed in such a manner as to be inclined towards the window, so as to be presented fully to the view of persons passing along. Caleb thought of buying some walnuts, and then carrying them home, and cracking them with the little carpet hammer.

But then, in a moment, he reflected that it would be better to buy something that would last longer than nuts and raisins, and so he walked on. He passed a number of windows next, that had nothing in them of any consequence ; the glass was large and handsome, but then there was nothing inside but bonnets of all shapes and sizes, and shawls, and caps, and worked capes, and collars. Caleb cared nothing about these things, and he was passing rapidly on, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a wax figure of a lady, in one of the windows. He stopped a minute to look at it, but presently he recollected that he had often seen it before, and so he passed on till he came to a wooden-ware store, with baskets, and little carriages, and wheelbarrows, standing at the door. He saw one little wheelbarrow which he would have liked very much, but he knew at

once, that he could not expect to get it for a quarter of a dollar ; and then besides, he could not carry it into the country with him very well.

So he rambled on for some time, watching the various objects as they successively presented themselves to him, and deciding against them, for one reason or another, until, at length, he came to the end of Washington Street ; there he turned up another street, to a great toy shop, where he had often been accustomed to go. It was a very large shop, and full of playthings. There was a long counter covered with toys and images of every kind ; swinging and jumping men, barking dogs, and grinning monkeys ; there were birds that would peep, and soldiers that would drum ; and sheep, and lambs, and rabbits, and little wagons, and coaches, and omnibuses ; some of wood and some of tin, and all very curious and beautiful.

These were upon the counter. Then, there were shelves along upon both sides of the store, all crowded full of packages of playthings. There were boxes containing farm-houses and yards, villages and com-

panies of soldiers ; and there were Noah's arks, and whistles, and flageolets ; and bundles of whips and jumping ropes hanging down from nails in the posts ; and pretty large horses on iron legs, 'upon the floor. Hanging up by the door, on one side, there was a large number of clocks, ticking away at a great rate, all together.

Caleb looked about here for some time. He saw a good many things which he thought would please him ; but he did not find any one that seemed so evidently superior to all the rest as to decide his choice, until his eye fell upon a little checker-board.

"What is the price of that checker-board ?" said he.

"Fifty cents," replied the storekeeper.

"O, I can't buy it then — I have only got a quarter of a dollar."

Then the storekeeper told him that he had cheaper ones. He had some, he said, for thirty cents, and if Caleb only had twenty-five, he believed that he would let him have one for that price.

So he took down a package of checker-boards from an upper shelf. They were

small and thin, but yet large enough to use without much inconvenience. The checkermen were neatly turned, and put up in a box by themselves. Caleb concluded to take them. The man put the board and the box of men up in a paper, and so Caleb, after paying him the quarter of a dollar, took them under his arm, and walked along towards home.

He thought he had made a very judicious purchase ; for his father had often told him it was best to buy such things as could be used again and again, rather than the toys and playthings which were only amusing to look at. "The checker-board," said he to himself, "I can use a great many times, and then it will give other people pleasure as well as me. I will teach Mary to play."

When he reached home, the clock was striking two, and, just as he arrived at the door, he found his father going in to dinner.

"Father," said he, "see !" And he held up his parcel, which was neatly put up in a brown paper. But his father, of course, could not see what was in it.

"What is it ?" said his father.

“A checker-board,” said Caleb; “and the men are in the box, with it—all complete.”

So Caleb pushed in, and went in pursuit of his mother.

“You see, mother,” said Caleb, when he found her, and told her about his purchase, “I chose the checker-board because I can *do* something with it. I can use it again and again, and that is better than to buy something which is only good to look at—as you have often told me, father.”

For here Caleb saw his father coming into the room, and so he addressed the last part of his sentence to him.

“Yes, that is best, certainly,” said his father. “I am very glad that you remember what I advise. I think you did very right to buy the checker-board.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHECKER-BOARD.

THE family soon sat down to dinner. Caleb untied the string, and took out his board and box of men, and laid them down by the side of his plate. Presently, his mother said that he had better put them away until after dinner. Then Caleb carried them to his mother's work-table, and put them down there.

His father and mother then talked together a little while about other things, and Caleb ate his dinner. At length, when the pudding came in, there was a little pause, and Caleb said,

"Well, father, I am glad you like my checker-board."

"But I did not say I liked your checker-board."

"Why, yes, father — didn't you? I understood you so."

“I believe not,” said his father.

“Why, yes, just before dinner.”

“No ; I said I thought you had done right in buying it.”

“Well, sir, that’s what I mean.”

“Yes ; but that is very different from saying that I liked the board. It may be that you do perfectly right in buying a thing, and yet I may not like the thing itself. However, I will talk with you about it after dinner.”

After dinner, Caleb and his father went into a little library room, where they were often accustomed to sit and talk after dinner, and where they sometimes used to take their dessert, instead of eating it at the table. It was a very pleasant little room, with bookshelves all around it, and a large table in the middle, covered with books, maps, papers, &c. On a stand, in one corner, was a globe ; and there was a little cabinet under the looking-glass, which contained a camera obscura, a microscope, and other articles of philosophical apparatus. Caleb and his father sat down upon the sofa, which was

upon one side of the room, near the fire. Presently, his mother came in, and took her seat in a rocking chair, near them. A small, round table was drawn up before the sofa, and, in a minute or two, a servant came in with a waiter containing the dessert. There was a plate of peaches, another of pears, and a silver basket filled with grapes, some white, some purple.

“Well, Caleb,” said his father, “what will you have?”

“I will have a pear, I believe,” said Caleb.

So his father put a large pear upon a plate for him, and two bunches of grapes, one purple and one white bunch. He also helped Caleb’s mother and himself, and then they all began to talk about the checker-board.

“It is not wrong, father, to play checkers, is it?” said Caleb.

“O, no,” replied his father, “I don’t suppose there is any thing wrong in the thing itself.”

“Then, why don’t you like my checker-board?”

“Why, Caleb, the truth is just this:— There are some kinds of enjoyments in this world which are innocent, safe, and useful. There are other kinds which are dangerous and hurtful in the extreme ; and the objection I have to the game of checkers is, that it belongs to the wrong kind.”

“What kind is the wrong kind?”

“It belongs to the class called games of hazard.”

“Why, I always thought that checkers and chess were games of *skill*,” said Caleb’s mother, “not of chance.”

“Yes,” said his father, “they are, in a very considerable degree, games of skill ; for a great deal of skill may be employed in playing them. But skill is not all ; for no human sagacity can see through all the combinations of the game, so that a great deal of the result depends upon hazard, after all ; and this is a feature of it, in my opinion, on which the interest mainly depends.

“Now, you see, Caleb,” continued his father, turning round to Caleb again, “that in playing checkers, you and your playmate become antagonists to each other ; each

wants to win himself, and to have the other lose. When the game ends, one beats ; but, then, the other must be beaten ; one is gratified, but, then, the other must be pained."

"Why, I do not think there is much pain in being beaten in playing checkers," said Caleb. "I never mind it at all."

"Not much, I suppose ; but still you feel it a little. On the whole, taking minds as we generally find them, the pain of losing is about as great as the pleasure of winning ; so that, on the whole, there is no real gain. Whichever party enjoys the gratification, enjoys it at the expense of the other's suffering. I admit that this is all on a very small scale, in checkers. But that is the nature of it ; and that is what I meant by saying it belonged to the wrong kind of amusements, rather than that it was *very* wrong in itself. Now, there are a good many other games of the same nature."

"Yes," said Caleb, "backgammon."

"Yes, and cards, and ninepins, and marbles, and several others. They are all of such a nature, that one party can gain

only just so far as the other party loses ; and so they make friends antagonists, and tend to cherish selfishness, ill-will, resentment, and anger."

"O, husband !" said Caleb's mother, "I never saw people angry playing checkers."

"I did not say these games *always* produced these effects, but that they *tended* to do so. I think, in chess and checkers, the tendency is slight ; but we can very distinctly perceive it, even there. When the game begins to go against us, and we find, move after move, that we are becoming more and more involved in difficulty, and losing our men, and getting penned up, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, our minds are very apt to get a little ruffled, and are brought into a state of feeling which we conceal, perhaps, by assumed smiles ; but it is not a pleasant or even innocent state of mind."

"Why, it seems to me," said Caleb's mother, "that you judge rather too severely. I don't think being beat in chess, when I was a girl, used to trouble me so much."

"Then, it is because you were of a more calm and happy temper when you were a

girl, than most others, which, I know very well, was the fact."

Caleb's mother laughed, but did not answer.

"Seriously," he continued, "I believe it is unquestionably so; the tendency of being beaten in games of chance or skill, as human nature is actually constituted, is to excite feelings of ill-will and resentment towards the victor. In the less exciting games, this tendency is not very great or conspicuous; but it is obvious enough. Sometimes it is overpowered by better feelings; sometimes it is concealed; but still we shall all find traces of it in our own hearts, and we see it in others. Marbles, for instance, give rise to endless disputes and vituperation; and in the great gaming houses in Europe, where the tendency of this *antagonism* has full scope, the most severe and rigid discipline is required to keep the resentment and anger of the conquered from breaking out in the most violent explosions. But, remember, I admit that, in checkers, the tendency is slight and small, and any ordinary amount of good feeling is enough to keep it down. Still,

the game itself, in respect to the intrinsic nature of it, belongs to the wrong class of pleasures.

“And, then, there is another evil still in all these games,” continued Caleb’s father, “the love of hazard which they all rest upon.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Caleb.

“Why, suppose now I should ask you to take one of your grapes, and I take one one of mine, and we should put them together on the table. Then I should tell you to shut your eyes, and I would hold up one finger, or else two; then you were to guess which it is. If you should guess right, you are to have both of the grapes, yours and mine too; and if I guess right, I am to have them both.”

“Well,” said Caleb, his eye brightening, “let’s do it.”

“No,” said his father, “I did not want you to do it — I only wanted to explain to you what I meant by love of hazard. You see you are willing to hazard one of your grapes for the chance of getting one of mine. Now,

there is this element of hazard in all these games. To be sure, skill also is deeply concerned in respect to some of them ; but then a good deal is left to hazard, after all. In checkers, for instance, you are willing to run the risk of the pain of being beaten, for the sake of the chance of beating. There is a sort of interest about the suspense, which excites the mind."

"Well," said Caleb, "and what harm is there in that?"

"Not much harm," said his father, "if it could be confined to the hazard of beating or being beat, in a quiet game of checkers. But, then, this love of hazard always increases. In almost all games, those who play them, after a little while, get into the way of adding something to the risks, by way of heightening the interest. In marbles, the boy who loses the game, loses his marbles. In ninepins, they first make the losing party set up the pins, or pay for the setting them up. Then, they make them pay for refreshments, perhaps ; and, at length, they begin to stake money ; first, a little, and, then, a little more."

“And then, at last, do they stake a good deal?” asked Caleb.

“No; not in ninepins,” said his father. “When the love of hazard becomes so strong that they want to gamble for large sums, they usually go to other games. The game of ninepins is too exposed and noisy, and requires too much bodily exertion for the intense interest they feel in deep hazard. They then take some more still game, and go into a room alone, and darken it, if it is day-time, and sit around a table in silence, with cards or dice, or something which enables them to give up their whole souls to the absorbing excitement. The higher the risks, the more simple and noiseless the games become; so that those, suited to the beginning of this course, are not at all suited to the end. They change their character as the victim proceeds. He begins with checkers, and ends with *rouge et noir*.”

“What is *rouge et noir*?” said Caleb.

“It is the game played by the great gamblers, in the London and Paris hells.”

“Hells?” said Caleb, solemnly.

“Yes, they call the great gaming-houses

hells ; probably because they are the abodes of so many infernal passions, and so much misery and despair. I believe it is admitted by the common sentiment of mankind, that of all the modes by which a human being may be ruined, the ruin of gambling is the most horrible, awful, and hopeless. So, you see, my objection to checkers is not that it is in itself very bad, but that it is the beginning of a wrong road. The game belongs to a wrong class of pleasures, and if I admit it, there is danger that it will bring in more of its family."

"Uncle William lets his boys play checkers," said Caleb.

"O, yes," said his father, "so do a great many very excellent people ; people, perhaps, whose judgment is full as good as mine. I do not suppose there is any thing morally wrong in it ; only it seems to me, on the whole, not best. The danger is not very great ; but I don't like to incur any danger of having you become, fifteen years hence, a frequenter of bowling alleys, and of card parties, and other such places of dissipation ; especially when there are so many other

sources of pleasure, unquestionably innocent and safe."

"Well, father," said Caleb, drawing a long sigh, "and what shall I do with my checker-board?"

"Why, I should like to have you give it to me, if you will."

"To you, father?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will. Only I wish I had my twenty-five cents back."

"And I may do whatever I please with it?"

"Yes, sir," said Caleb.

Then Caleb's father sent Caleb out after a little bottle of dissolved gum Arabic, which they always kept in the house for pasting. When he came in with the gum bottle, he found his father holding a beautiful picture in his hand; it was almost as big as a checker-board. It was a picture of a boy mounting a little pony, as if he was going to ride.

"O, what a pretty picture, father!" said Caleb. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to paste it over your checker-board."

So his father trimmed down the picture in such a way that it just covered the checkered squares, leaving the border all around. He then pasted it neatly on, so as to hide the squares entirely. Then he cut out a small, round hole, in the middle of one side, which he said was to hang it up by.

"There, Caleb," said he, "there is a drawing-board for you."

"A drawing-board?"

"Yes, you cannot draw very well on a table, without a drawing-board, for there is generally a cloth, and the pencil then indents the paper. But you can draw very well on this. Architects and engineers always draw on drawing-boards."

Caleb took his drawing-board, and seemed very much pleased with it. Presently, he asked his father what he should do with the men.

"The men? Why, you can give some of them to Mary for rollers; and then some of them will be excellent to make wagon wheels of — only just bore a little hole in the middle, to put the end of the axletree through.

“And now, Caleb,” said his father, “I must go.” And he arose, and went out into the entry, Caleb following him with his drawing-board under his arm.

“I am sorry to disappoint you, Caleb,” said his father, as he put on his hat.

“O, I don’t care much about it,” said Caleb.

“I think you acted perfectly right in buying the checker-board, for you had no means of judging of the remote danger which constitutes my objection. But I think it is rather better not to begin with such games.

“I want to have all your pleasures, Caleb,” he continued, putting his hand on Caleb’s head, “I want all your pleasures to be of *the right kind*; such as will be safe in their ultimate tendencies, as well as agreeable now.”

So his father opened the door, and went out, saying, “Good by, Caleb,” as he walked down the steps.

“Good by, father,” said Caleb.

And his father walked away







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